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THE ARC 1919

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~~Hon. Boykin Wright,
Pres. Board of Trustees
Compliments of
Senior Class
of '19~~

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DEDICATED in honor of Captain Clifford T. Sego, in acknowledgment of services rendered by him; as first, instructor, 1903 to 1912, and later, head of the English Department, 1912 to 1916, of the Academy of Richmond County.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

The Arc

Staff

EDITORS-IN-CHIEF

CAPTAIN C. A. DOOLITTLE, JR.

AND

CAPTAIN J. M. WALKER, JR.

BUSINESS MANAGERS

LIEUTENANT C. H. COHEN

CAPTAIN G. W. WRIGHT; SGT. H. SMITH

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Literary Editor.....	SGT. NACHMAN, H.
Military Editor.....	CAPT. FLEMING, W. C.
Athletic Editor.....	LIEUT. SYLVESTER, D. C.
Class Events Editor.....	GREEN, F.
Joke Editor.....	BRITTINGHAM, J. W.
Cartoonists.....	PVT. ROBERTS, P.; SGT. MERRY, B.; SGT. LEVY, L.
Class Treasurer.....	SGT. BELDING, M.
Publicity Editor.....	GOLDSTINE, P.

History and Purpose of "The Arc"

The Class of 1919, of the Academy of Richmond County, presents this year's edition of the Annual to the school with the hope that in the years to come the publication of an Annual will be continued, and that from now on it will become a regular part of the student work of every Senior class. We have this year paved the way for them and all that is necessary for those coming after is to follow in our foot steps.

The purpose of "The ARC" is to leave some concrete reminder of the year Nineteen Hundred and Nineteen. This book will live for years, and every Academy boy who has a copy of it can, in the the years to come, look through it and bring back old memories of this year. Especially of value and interest it will be to the Senior Class who now are about to leave the halls of old Richmond, each one going his own way. It will again and again bring back to them golden memories of their good old Senior days, memories of the year in which they received their Diplomas.

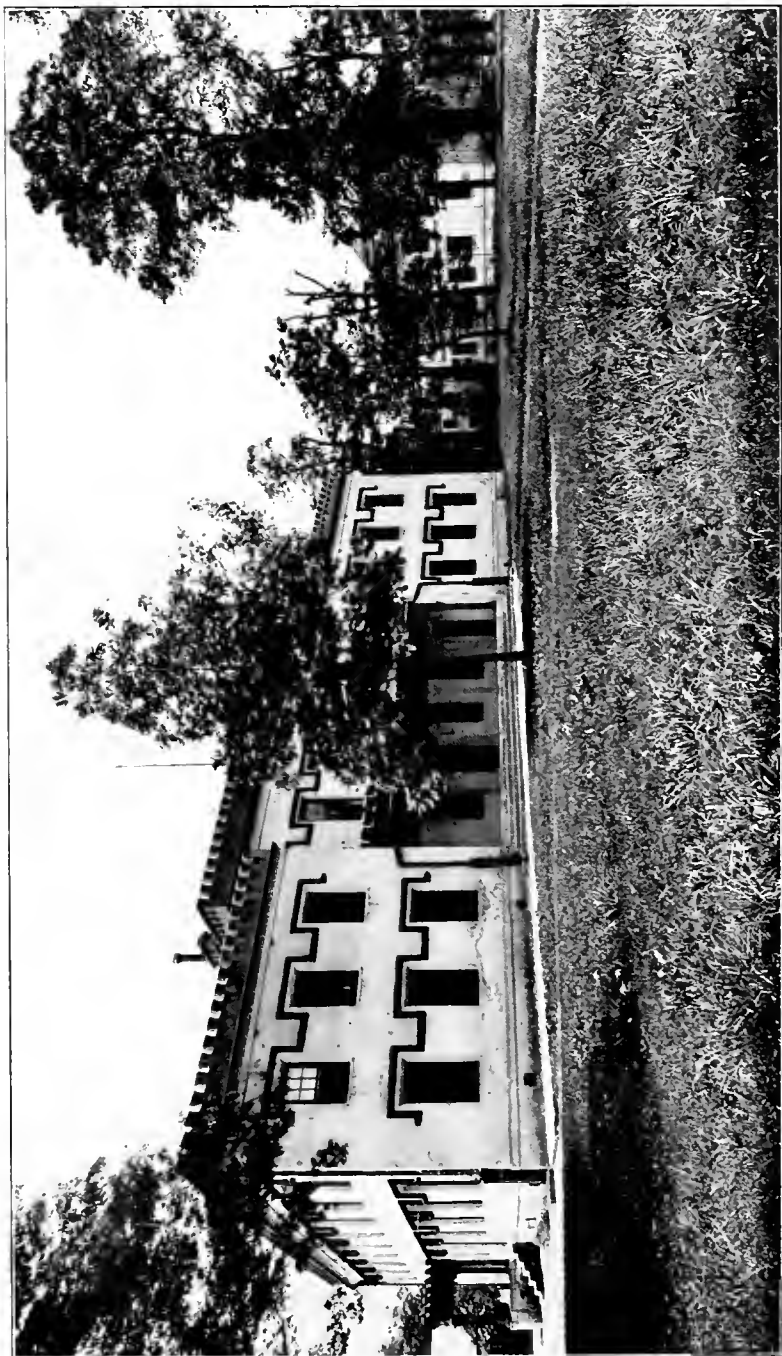
The publishing of "The ARC" has been something entirely new. Never before had the School attempted the publication of an Annual, the only publication up to this time being "The ARC Light," which was a small magazine published monthly for six months, by the Senior Class.

It was at first the intention of this class to publish the magazine, but on account of having to lose two months from school on account of the influenza epidemic the idea was given up. It was then suggested by certain members of the class that instead of a magazine we publish an Annual. This motion was brought up and passed at the first class meeting, but little did we dream of the amount of work necessary to accomplish this end, if we had, I think the motion would have been lost. A staff was appointed and with the aid of a Faculty committee we started. For about a week or so we did not get very far from the start because of the fact that no one knew exactly what was necessary to be done, except possibly the Faculty committee who, in their college days, had done a little work of this nature. After a while various printing and engraving concerns sent in contracts and the most advisable one was signed. At about that time it dawned upon certain members of the Staff (a few of them it has not dawned upon yet) what a large amount of money it was really going to take. So the Business Managers began to try to work out a plan by which we could meet the cost; subscription blanks were distributed among the boys in the Battalion, and glory be to them in the manner in which they backed us up. Nearly every boy in the Battalion promised to take a copy, while Company "B" promised the largest number of subscriptions. Prices for advertisements were figured out and, let it be said here, that the Business Managers did excellent work in obtaining them. Next came the part that was of most interest to the school, and that was the taking of pictures. As you can easily see all kinds were taken and the more we took the more delighted were the boys. After about a month and a half of worry and work the Annual was sent to press and the entire Staff took a rest, that is if studying hard for the last month of Senior work can be called taking a rest.

While I am writing I wish to extend to the men who made possible this Annual the appreciation of the entire Senior Class. Especially we wish to thank Messrs. Copeland, Skinner, J. L., and Cason, members of the Faculty, who were our supreme advisors and helpers in the work. Next we wish to thank all the merchants of Augusta who gave us an advertisement (if it had not been for their generosity we would hate to think of the plight of the Annual). We also wish to thank the entire School, both Faculty and boys, for the manner in which they cooperated with us to obtain the best Annual possible. Last, but not least, we wish to thank Mr. Montell, the Annual photographer, for the interest he took in our work and for the good pictures which he photographed, as they greatly helped to make the Annual.

As a closing, I will only hope that the people who read this Annual will get as much enjoyment and interest from it as there was work on our part to edit it.

CAPT. C. A. DOOLITTLE, '19,
Editor-in-Chief.



Foundation of the Academy of Richmond County

The Academy of Richmond County is the oldest educational institution in Georgia, and the fourth oldest in the United States. The Statute of 1783, under which it was created, may not be a technical charter, and no corporate name was given to the Board, which, though not called Trustees of the Richmond Academy, was referred to sometimes as the Commissioners of Richmond County, sometimes as the Trustees of Augusta, and sometimes as the Trustees of the Academy and the Church. The original act did not designate the duties of the Board. They exercised all manner of powers, many of them diverse, and from our present standpoint incongruous. It laid out the town, numbered the lots, named the streets, built St. Paul's Church, managed the Academy and chose the teachers, ran a lottery, repaired the river bank, narrowed Broad and Greene Streets, and performed many other functions not recorded here.

In 1783, immediately after the close of the war, the first demand of the citizens was for the establishment of an Academy. The new State had no money and no means of raising it, but it took advantage of the fact that the land in and around Augusta was held under royal grants, containing a provision that the purchaser should improve the property within a given time, or else that the lot should revert back to the King. Many of these lots had been bought up by those who did not improve them, and hence were liable to forfeiture. These, together with the Public Reserve, originally laid out as a common around the Fort, were vested in Trustees to be sold, and the proceeds used for building a church, and for the building of an academy or seminary of learning.

It was, of course, necessary to sell lots and raise money before the school could be established. But the citizens were not willing to wait on that slow progress for raising an endowment sufficient enough to maintain the Academy. They did not want their children to be deprived of that which was instantly needed. But the Board looked at it from a financial standpoint, and took no steps either towards hiring a teacher or erecting a building. The public was not satisfied with the progress made and the Grand Jury, on March 27, 1784, presented as a grievance "the want of a seminary of learning." This stimulated the Board, and they let a contract for the erection of a schoolhouse. This contractor died before any work was done, and the Grand Jury again in October, 1784, presented as a grievance "the languishing situation of the intended Academy or Seminary of learning." The Board then rescinded the contract with the executor of the deceased contractor, but appeared to have been unable to forward the building. The Grand Jury, again responding to the public impatience, on March 24, 1785, presented as a grievance "the Commissioners for the public buildings of this town for not making proper exertions in getting the church and Academy erected, notwithstanding the funds appropriated for the purpose and which are deemed more than adequate to carry the same into execution." This presentment stirred them into motion, and on the next day, March 25, 1785, "the Board having consulted upon the employment of a Master for the

Academy, and Mr. Wm. Rogers, late of the state of Maryland, having been well recommended, as being of good fame and sufficiently learned in the sciences, appointed him Master at a salary of 200*£* and the use of the buildings and garden, for which the said Master should give his whole time, shall teach the Latin, Greek and English languages, and the common practical branches of mathematics, according to the rules established and practiced in the seminaries of learning and reading in the United States. Children learning letters and reading, will be charged \$4.00; those learning the principles of the English grammar and ciphering, \$5.00; and those learning the Latin and Greek languages, or any branch of the mathematics, \$10.00 per quarter." The school established was for boys and girls and remained so for a long period, its exact termination not being known.

On the same day they resolved that a merchant be employed to import books, the list of which shows a high standard for the new school. Also French and English tutors were employed at a salary of \$300 each.

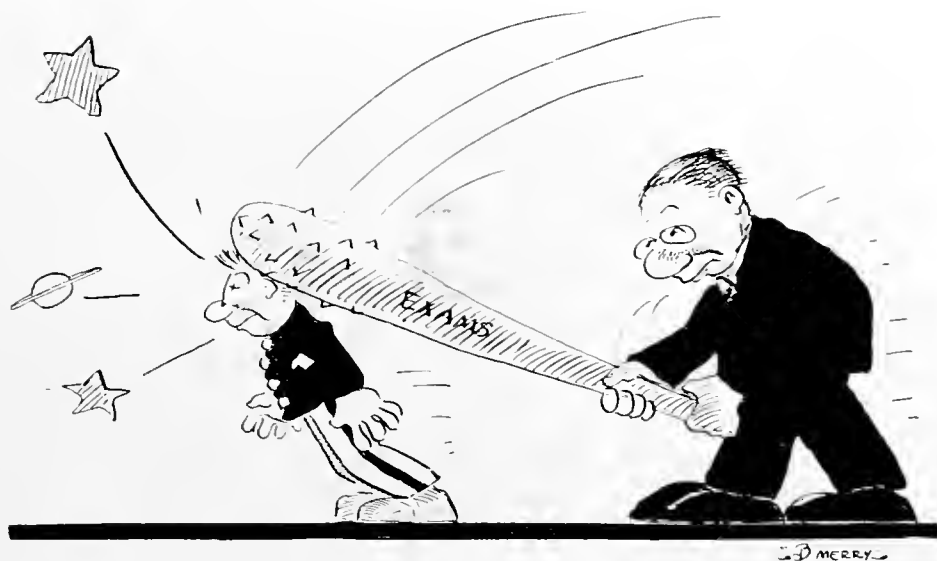
The school was first held in some building that had formerly been used in pre-revolutionary days, and was opened in April, 1785, the first commencement being held on October 24, 1786. We cannot determine exactly where the first schoolhouse was located, but the minutes of May, 1784, show that the Board let the contract for a building which was to be erected on the square bounded by Washington, Reynolds, McIntosh and Bay, the Academy to be exactly in the center; a large gate, avenue and court to be exactly in the front, and a garden from the back to the rear. This site was abandoned, and the first schoolhouse was erected on Bay between Elbert and Lincoln. In it court was held, and also church services, until 1789, when St. Paul's was rebuilt. This building was spoken of as tenement No. 9. There was evidently another large building on the adjoining lot, for, at the same time, it was resolved that the lot No. 8 "should be reserved until the further order of the Board for the sessions of the General Assembly, and for the holding of the Superior and Inferior Courts of the county, together with the Circuit and District Courts of the United States, and that for that purpose the keys were to be given to his Excellency upon his application, who is required after the rising of the Legislature to deliver the same to the sheriff for the uses last named."

The Public Examinations were held in the spring and fall, and it is most interesting to note to what great importance they were considered by the entire community. They were attended by the Board officially and by the public generally; sometimes by the Governor and the Executive Council, later by the City Council in a body. The first of which we have any record is that of March 30, 1786, and another in July, 1789.

The above article was obtained from good authority and written by Felton Davis, of the Class of 1916, in his Senior Year. We feel that he should be given credit for his work, and we are glad to be able to obtain an article on the foundation of the Academy, written by an old Academy boy.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

FACULTY





Faculty

Center, left to right:

- MAJOR GEORGE P. BUTLER, Principal, Commandant.....*Mathematics*
Graduate, University of Georgia, 1894, B. E.
- O. CONWAY SKINNER, Assistant Principal.....*Shop Work, Drawing*
Graduate, Alabama Polytechnic Institute 1908, B. E. and M. E., 1909.
- W. R. KENEDY.....*Commercial Subjects*
Graduate, Georgia Normal College and Business Institute.
- J. L. SKINNER.....*Physics, Mathematics*
Graduate, Alabama Polytechnic Institute, 1908, B. S. and E. E., 1909.
- ELMER I. RANSOM.....*Science, Mathematics*
Graduate, University of Georgia, 1913, B. S.
- CHARLES G. CORDLE.....*Latin History*
Graduate, Trinity College, 1914, A. M.
- S. D. COPELAND.....*History, Economics*
Graduate, Mercer University, 1911, A. B.
- M. T. BRYSON.....*English, Agriculture*
Special course in English at Emory University.
- C. A. SCRUGGS.....*Science, Latin*
Graduate, Mercer University, 1911, B. A.
- G. H. SLAPPEY.....*French*
Graduate, University of Georgia, 1917, A. B.
- J. F. CASON.....*English*
Graduate, Mercer University, 1902, A. B.
- B. L. DE BRUYNE.....*French, Mathematics*
Graduate, High Commercial School, Ognabruck, Germany
- R. N. ALLEN.....*Science, Shop Work*
Graduate, Furman University, 1911, A. B.

The Five Classes

Behold! oh boys, THE FRESHMAN CLASS
Their teachers wish them well;
But what they think their teachers are,
Is not for us to tell.

Next in line comes THE SOPHOMORE CLASS,
A hard bunch to define;
Two years already we have tried
To have this class refined.

And now you see THE GALLANT THIRD,
Soaring high in learning,
But now since French, they have tried,
To earth they are returning.

Almost last, comes THE JUNIOR CLASS,
In numbers they are small;
But a better set you cannot find,
In the old assembly hall.

A learned few, THE SENIORS are,
Much knowledge they have gained;
For five long years they have worked,
Their Diplomas to obtain.

SGT. VERDERY, '20 and SGT. HOWELL, '20.

Senior



*Class President*

CHARLES A. DOOLITTLE, JR.

*Captain**Commercial*

Our President has done a great deal to stimulate interest around the school and in the Senior Class in particular. He surprised the class quite a bit by making 95 on the last term English Exam. (by the way, we would like to know just how much it did cost him). Charlie is quite a ladies' man too (could not keep his class pin 24 hours). It is said that he has written a number of letters to the Tubman Senior Class (of course, all the business in the name of our Senior Class). (?) In the realm of Military endeavor he has been quite successful indeed, and stands today the second turkey in the battalion.

Noted: Honors, 1, 2*; Corporal, 3; 1st Sgt. 4 (2nd Lieut. second term); Captain; President Senior Class; President Alex. H. Stephens Literary Society; and Co-Editor-in-Chief of "The Arc", 5.

Class Vice-President

J. MILLER WALKER, JR.

*Captain**General*

Here is Friend Miller, one of our honor men. He is one of the big noises in the class being Vice-President. He also holds offices in the Military, Literary, and Annual Departments of the school, and has done a lot of work toward keeping them going. Miller is a real cute little fellow and is up to date on all affairs at Tubman. (Question: Is there a particular girl at Tubman?) Miller has a magnificent voice for giving commands to his company, it can be heard the far distance of four or five feet.

Noted: Honors 1, 2, 3, 4; Corporal, last term 2; Sgt. 3; Lieut. 4; Captain, Vice-President of the Class; President Joseph R. Lamar Literary Society; and Co-Editor-in-Chief of "The Arc", 5.



*The numbers denote the classes: 1, Freshmen; 2, Sophomore; 3, Intermediate; 4, Junior; 5, Senior.

Class Secretary and Treasurer

MILTON D. BELDING
Supply Sergeant Technical

Our honorable Class Treasurer always has plenty of money. (Class money of course.) Milt is tiny but can always be heard. He and Smith make up the Gold-dust twins. As for his love affairs, well—they are somewhat concealed. (?) In military circles Milton is commonly known as "Stable Sgt."

Noted: Honors, 1, 2, 3, 4; Corporal, 4; Sgt., 5; Company Football, 5; Track 3, 4; Class Treasurer, 5.



CLARENCE H. COHEN
1st. Lieut. General

Behold we have here "The Cohen", the right honorable (?), the Adjutant or the General Utility Officer. Clarence rules with an iron hand and pity the non-com who does not toe the mark. He is a great matrimonial expert and can tell you the wife and daughter of every man from Adam on down.

Noted: Color Sgt., 4; 1st Lieut., 5; Company Football, 3, 5; Business Manager of the "The Arc"; Class Prophet, 5.



W. CORNELIUS FLEMING
Captain Scientific

We have here Cornelius or better known as, "Red". He is one of our bright honor boys who never studies over ten hours a night. He has just been made a Capt. and with his excellent knowledge of military tactics (?) he ought to make a good one. "Red" is pulling for first honor and has a good chance to get it, that is if not beaten out by another Captain.

Noted: Honors, 1, 2, 3, 4; Corporal, 3; Sgt., 4; 1st. Lieut. and Capt., 5; Class Historian, 5.





HERBERT NACEMAN
Sergeant General

Herbert is one of our wonderful story writers and is considered very good on F. O. B. stories, therefore has been placed at the head of the Literary Department. He is the originator of the Class and Honor insignia on the arm. (At least he furnished the idea, but with the improvements of Major, you can hardly recognize Herbert's idea.) He is rather inclined to be quiet but has taken a great deal of interest in the Senior Class Work.

Noted: Honors, 2; Corporal, 4; 1st. Sgt., 5; Literary Editor, 5.

HENRY A. ROBINSON
1st. Lieutenant Scientific

Here is the musical boy of the Class and leader of that wonderful organization known as the Academy Band. Henry is a fine fellow and liked by all (especially by the girls). It is claimed that he has captured more girls' hearts than any other boy in the Class. He is a great Technical Student and claims that he does not study more than ten hours a day.

Noted: Corporal, 3; 1st. Sgt., 4; 1st. Lieut., 5; Composer of Class Song, 5.



HARRY D. SMITH
Sergeant Technical

This is Harry our darling baby boy who takes great delight in playing with laboratory apparatus. He and Belding make up the Leavenworth Clique, the main purpose of which is to tease Robinson. Harry has made honors every year regardless of the fact that he never studies over one hour a night. (?). Bright boy, eh!

Noted: Honors, 1, 2, 3, 4; Corporal, 4; Sgt., 5; Company Football, 2, 5; Ass't Business Manager of the "The Arc".



C. DOUGHTY SYLVESTER
1st. Lieutenant General

Our Friend, "Tough" Sylvester is quite a lady's man and some dancer. In military circles he is a First Lieut. and carries his sword with great expression. Doughty is our Athletic Editor and is quite an athlete himself. He has tried them all, football, baseball and track, and last year won the Faculty Cup at the Track Meet.

Noted: Corporal, 3; Sgt., 4; 1st. Lieut., 5; Company Football, 5; Track, 2, 3, 4; (Track Cup, 4)



GEORGE W. WRIGHT
Captain General

George, last of the drill boys but not shortest, is well known as willing to oppose anything that anyone else advocates. He is very tall and handsome (blushes included) therefore he makes a very imposing figure in his uniform. He is one of the captains and is also circulation manager of "The Arc" in which position he has been very faithful in securing subscriptions.

Noted: Honors, 1, 2; Sgt., 3; 1st. Sgt., 4; Captain; Ass't Business Manager, Secretary of the Mex. H. Stephens Debating Society; Company Football, 5.



JAMES BOATWRIGHT
Non-Drill General

A sad change has come over Jim in his high school days, first year, first honor, fifth year, well—but all the same he is a jolly good fellow, liked by all and is pulling for a "Dip". In military, on account of the lack of Generals' places he quit drilling. Now he is one of the "non-drill honorables".

Noted: Honors, 1, 2; Private, 1, 2, 3, 4.





JOHN W. BRITTINGHAM
Non-Drill General

A new addition to our Class from Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md. Liked by all and would have been a class officer had he been with us longer. He is a great dancer and lady's man, says he wants half a dozen class rings for his girls. Another General in the non-drill squad.

Noted: Editor of the Joke Department of "The Arc", 5; Company Football, 5; Class Orator, 5.

CHARLES D. DANIEL
Non-Drill Technical

Charlie is the original tourist from Millen. He joined our Class last year but with his good nature and witty remarks has become very popular. He is very handsome and it is claimed that all the girls are crazy about him. He is another boy who is headed for Tech (and a good time). At present he resides in the Dormitory and quit drill because of being made corporal.

Noted: Varsity Football, 4; Corporal; Ass't in the Joke Department, 5.



J. PHILIP GOLDBSTEIN
Non-Drill Commercial

Here is the boy who says he does not like to brag but he is undoubtedly the best debator in the school. One of Philip's highest ambitions is to learn to dance so he can attend the swell Social Functions. He is noted for never being on time, and his ability to ask questions, but all the same he is a good hearted fellow and, in a way, is liked by all.

Noted: Private, 1, 2, 3, 4; Publicity Manager, 5.



FRANK GREEN
Non-Drill General

Frank is rather inclined to be quiet in the Class yet he is always ready to enter into any fun and is an all round fine fellow. One of his greatest pleasures is to tease Goldstein. By some unknown reason he managed to get out of drilling in his third year, therefore has not achieved any military honors.

Noted: Private, 1, 2, 3; Class Events Editor, 5.



WYLY GRIFFIN
Non-Drill Commercial

It was first thought that we were not going to have Wyly with us this year as he tried to get into the S. A. T. C., then into the Navy but at last returned to Richmond. He is a great baseball player, therefore has a girl in all the small country towns that the Academy plays. It is even claimed that after he gets his "Dip" he is going to either Sparta or Grovetown to live.

Noted: Corporal, 3; Sgt., 4; Company Football 3, 5; Varsity Baseball 4, 5.



JOHN E. MURPHEY

Johnny is the boy who says he is afflicted with the disease known as laziness. He is our Class Poet, but says "never again" as it means too much work. He is the original arguer and can cause more trouble in a Class meeting by arguing than any other fellow. But all the same he is pretty popular and is actually pulling hard for a "Dip".

Noted: Honors, 1, 2; Corporal, 3; Sgt., 4; Company Football, 3, 5; Track, 3; Class Poet, 5.

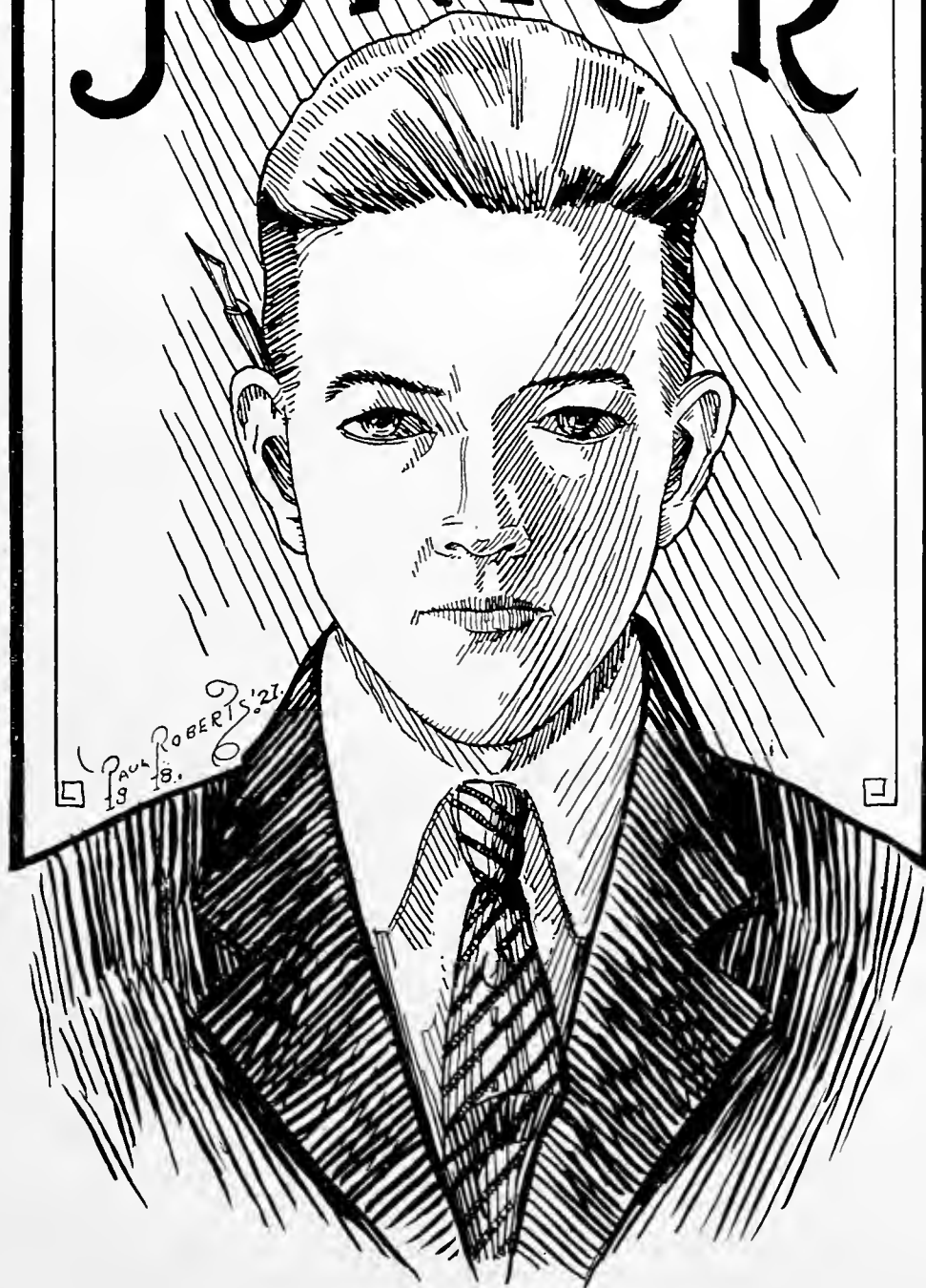


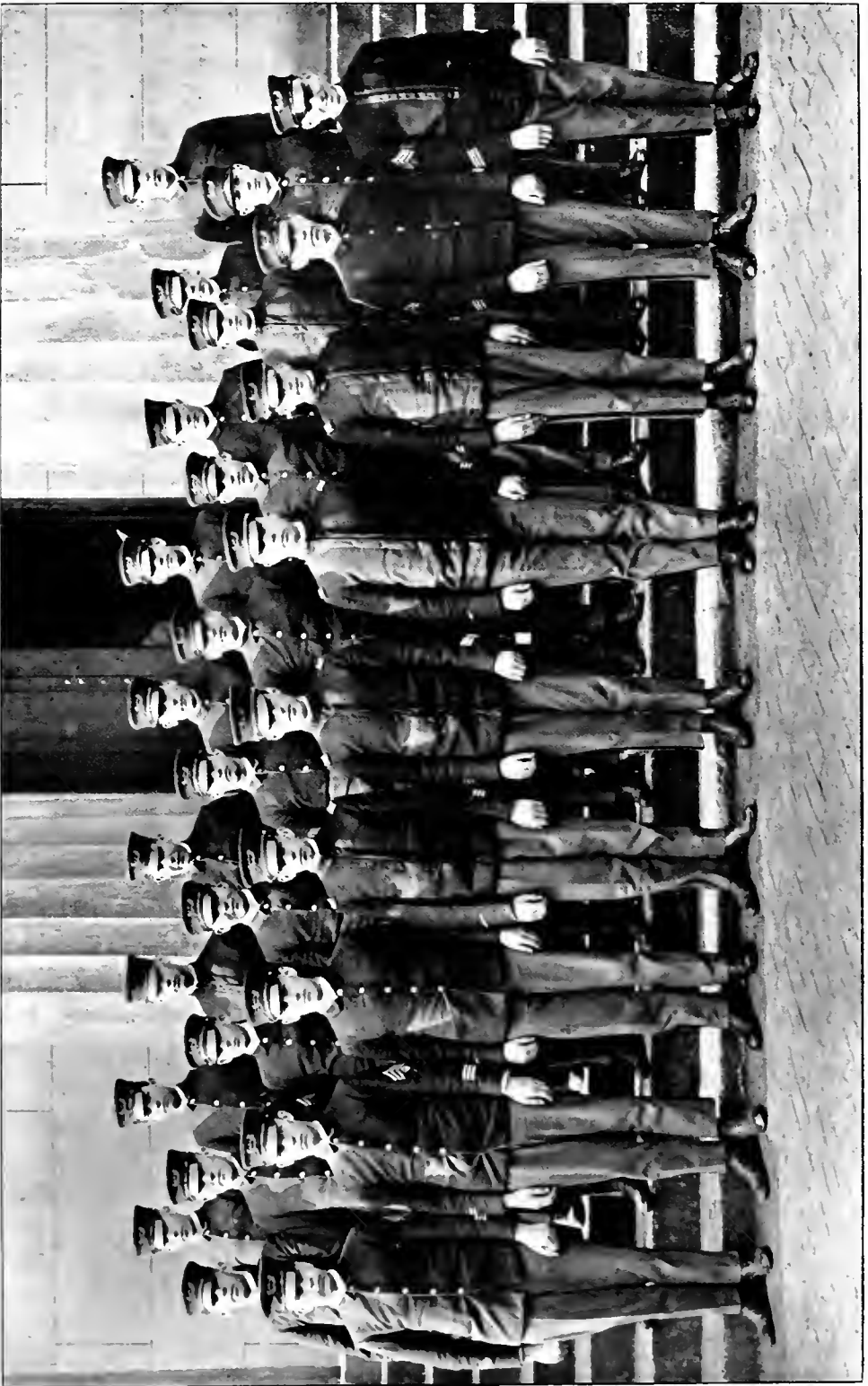
A Toast

Here's to the grand old A. R. C.
A better school there'll never be.
Here's to the men who have made it so,
May their wealth and happiness ever grow.
A school that's never fallen behind.
But's always been at the head of the line.
Our boys left home and crossed the sea,
To fight for freedom and democracy.
May the grand old Academy forever shed light,
Over all that is true, that is just, that is right!

CORP. COLDEN BATTEY, '20.

JUNIOR





Junior Class

Class Officers

<i>President</i>	BATTEY, COLDEN
<i>Vice-President</i>	HENRY, GOODRICH
<i>Secretary</i>	STURMAN, SMYTHE
<i>Treasurer</i>	VERDERY, MARION

Members

Attridge, Clifford	Howell, Homer	Kiddlecover, Franklin
Burton, Clarence	Jarrell, Joseph	Saxon, Amory
Carswell, John	Levy, Lionel	Symms, Allen
Clark, Harmon	Martin, Robt.	Thompson, Albert
Davis, William H.	Nixen, Scott	Tobey, Norman
Dimmock, William	Norvell, Marion	Walsh, Frank
Dolvin, R. L.	Phinizy, Thomas	Weeks, Richard
Edelblut, Ted	Reese, Lewis	Wyly, Harry
Hook, Frank		

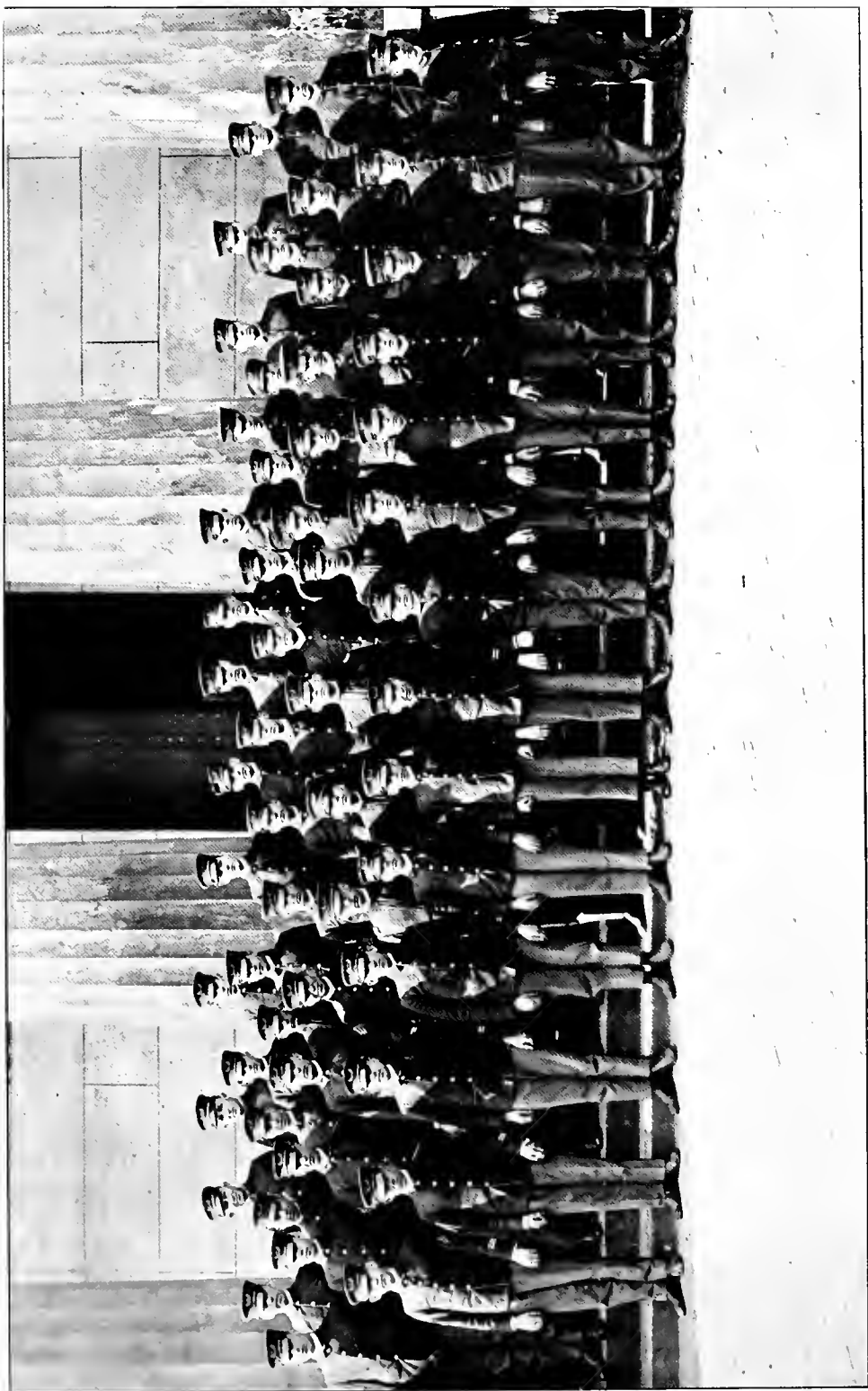
Our Flag

Our Flag with the accent on the word our! Or, in words that bring the meaning home more clearly, "My Flag!" How fine that sounds when you can point out to a foreigner "Old Glory" flying in the breeze, and say that it is yours. It is yours to defend and love; it is yours to die for, if necessary. To be able to say that the flag and what it represents is behind you in any lawful deed, and will see that you are given your just rights in any foreign land gives one confidence. What true American does not feel his blood grow hot and tingle in his veins, his heart thump faster, and a strange feeling creep down his backbone, when he sees "Old Glory" floating proudly at the head of a column of troop? Just imagine what the flag must mean to a person who has been in a strange country, from under the protecting wave of the Stars and Stripes, suddenly to see it at the mast of one of our battleships. Today, the flag is in fighting trim after having been carried into the midst of the European war; into the midst of the fight for peace and democracy. Today foreign powers know that our flag and our uniform represent fighting qualities superior to those of any other country. They know that our flag is to be respected or they will have to suffer the consequences of a fight with our troops, whom they have learned to fear. The forty-eight stars in our flag represent forty-eight states, each an empire within itself. That these states have fought and worked together, has been one of the secrets of our success in past wars. Therefore, let us hope that in the future, each state will do its duty, so that the stars and stripes may forever wave over the "land of the free and the home of the brave."

CAPT. C. A. DOOLITTLE, '19.

I INTERMEDIATE





Intermediate Class

Class Officers

<i>President</i>	NORTH, HENRY
<i>Vice-President</i>	SHERMAN, JIM
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	MERRY, BRIAN

Members

Adams, Marion	Heath, Elliott	Nachman, Morton
Baker, E.	Holland, Preston	Otis, Francis
Beard, Frank	Holliday, Howard	Owens, Auburn
Belding, Morris	Holman, Marsden	Owens, Meade
Burdashaw, William	Lackman, Raymond	Parks, Robert
Blanchard, Hubert	Laird, Harold	Paul, Sherwood
Bowen, Charles	Langley, Seaborn	Phillips, Glenn
Brenner, Otis	Lehmann, Albert	Philpot, Billie
Chance, Francis	Lokey, Lonie	Roberts, Paul
Clark, G. M.	Magruder, Milton	Robertson, Paul
Cleckley, Hervey	Mallard, Matthew	Roseborough, Edward
Doar, Frank	Markert, Hermon	Scruggs, Lightfoot
Dorset, Fred	Marks, Henry	Sprague, J.
Dumbar, Parney	Marshalk, Fred	Tanenbaum, Pinky
Fargo, Charles	Medlock, Ralph	Trowbridge, Kennard
Fargo, Walter	Miller, Hinton	Walker, Walton
Fell, William	Morris, Adrian	Walton, Robt.
Ford, Hugh	Morris, William	Watkins, Richard
Fourcher, Kenneth	McCrary, William	Whitney, Moragne
Gordon, Wilson	McGahee, Ollie	Williams, Roy

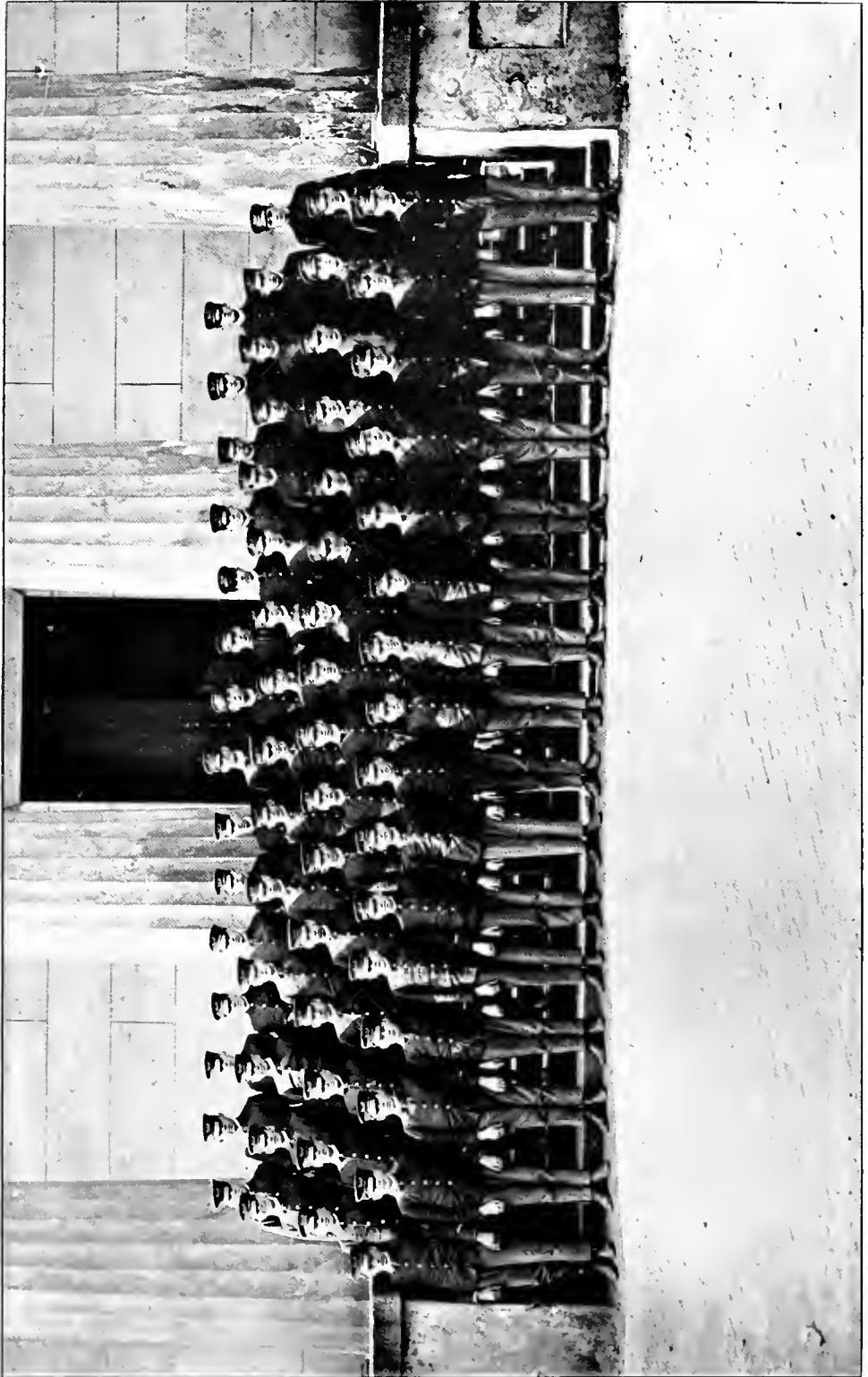
If

If I owned the Universe and all that it contains;
If I owned America, with all its grassy plains;
If I owned the fishes, that in the ocean dwell;
If I owned the birds and beasts that roam the woodland dell;
If I owned the stars that down upon us shine;
If I owned the moonlight that lovers think divine;
If I owned the rainbow, whose beauty is renowned;
If I owned a Kingdom and were with jewels crowned;
If I owned these—they, no doubt, would give me fame,
But with all of them—I'd love HER just the same.

CORP. GOLDEN BATTEY, '20.

SOPHOMORE





Sophomore Class

Class Officers

<i>President</i>	MERRY, GUY
<i>Vice-President</i>	KILPATRICK, A.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	GILMAN, C.

Members

Baird, Warren	Florence, Spurgeon	Masur, Louis
Barrett, Gould	Gardiner, Sears	Morris, Harry
Barrett, Tobin	Gepfert, Roy	Morris, Lamar
Beckum, Thomas	Gibson, Foster	McNeill, James
Bland, Walter	Halford, Eugene	Newman, Harry
Blitchington, Frank	Harper, Harry	O'Connell, Louis
Boyd, Lamar	Harrison, Dunbar	Park, Clarence
Brittingham, Geo.	Hargett, J. L.	Radford, Stanley
Caldwell, John	Hiers, Renfro	Rice, Pat
Carr, Graham	Hensley, E. A.	Ripley, H. D.
Carswell, Porter	Jennings, Thomas	Robinson, Reuben
Churchill, C. H.	Johnson, Nelson	Scarborough, Charles
Chumbley, C. W.	Jones, Isadore	Spiers, William
Cohen, Adrian	Kerby, Mearl	Tanenbaum, Numin
Conley, Hugh	Kershaw, J.	Thomas, Floyd
Dasher, Nesbit	Killingsworth, Ralph	Thomas, Leo
Dicks, Edward	Law, William	Thompson, Wesley
Dorn, Briggs	Lee, Fitzhugh	Verdery, Charles
Ellis, Stephen	Legwin, Glenn	Weathers, Charlie
Emigh, Harry	Livingston, Edward	Weigle, Gardiner
Eubanks, Roy	Lucky, Curtis	Wright, Harold
Eubanks, Haskell	Lynch, Walter	Young, Cogdell
Evans, Joe	Mason, Hoyt	

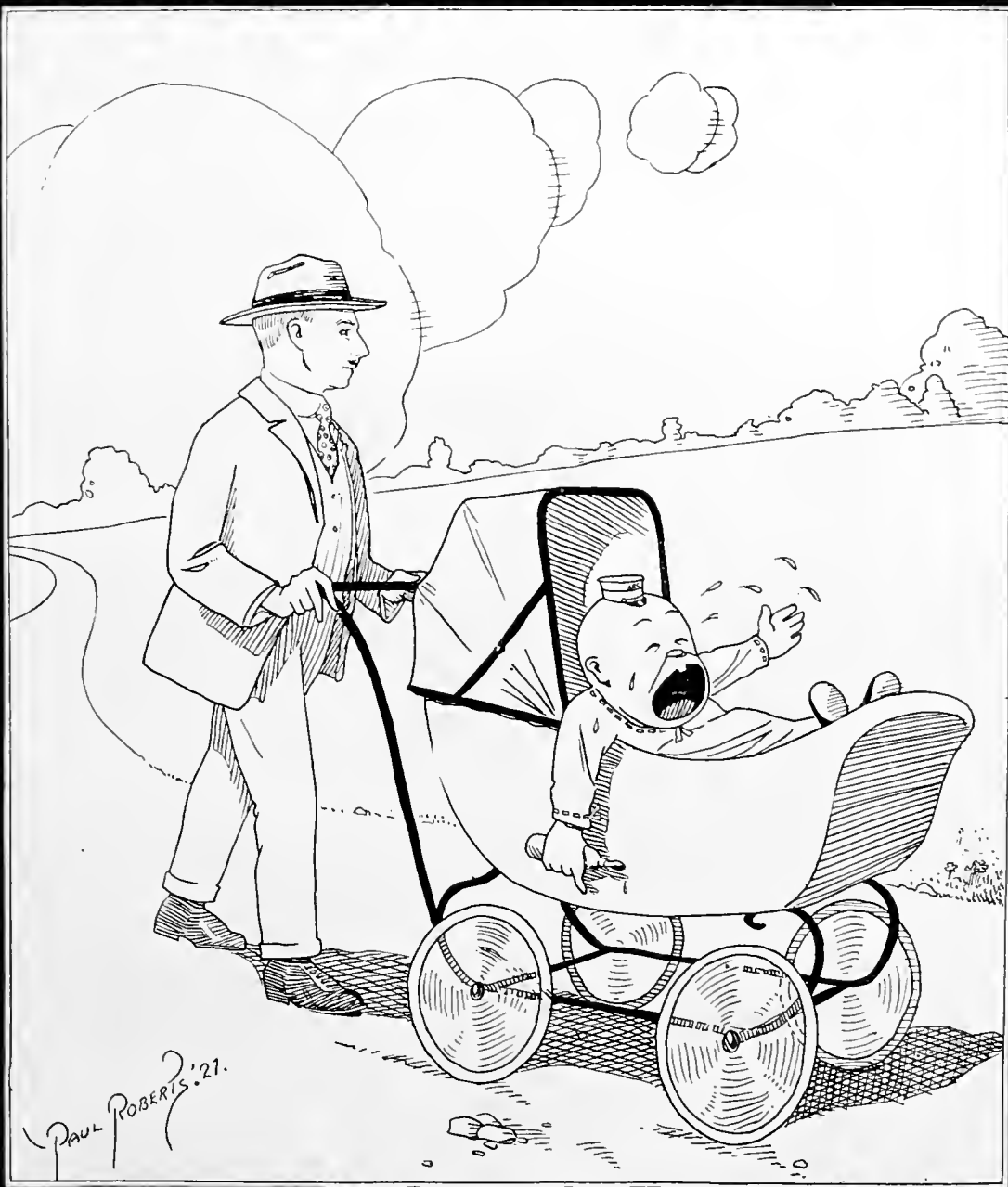
Ye Freshmen

I stood upon a mountain,
I gazed down upon the plain;
I saw a lot of green stuff
That looked like waving grain.

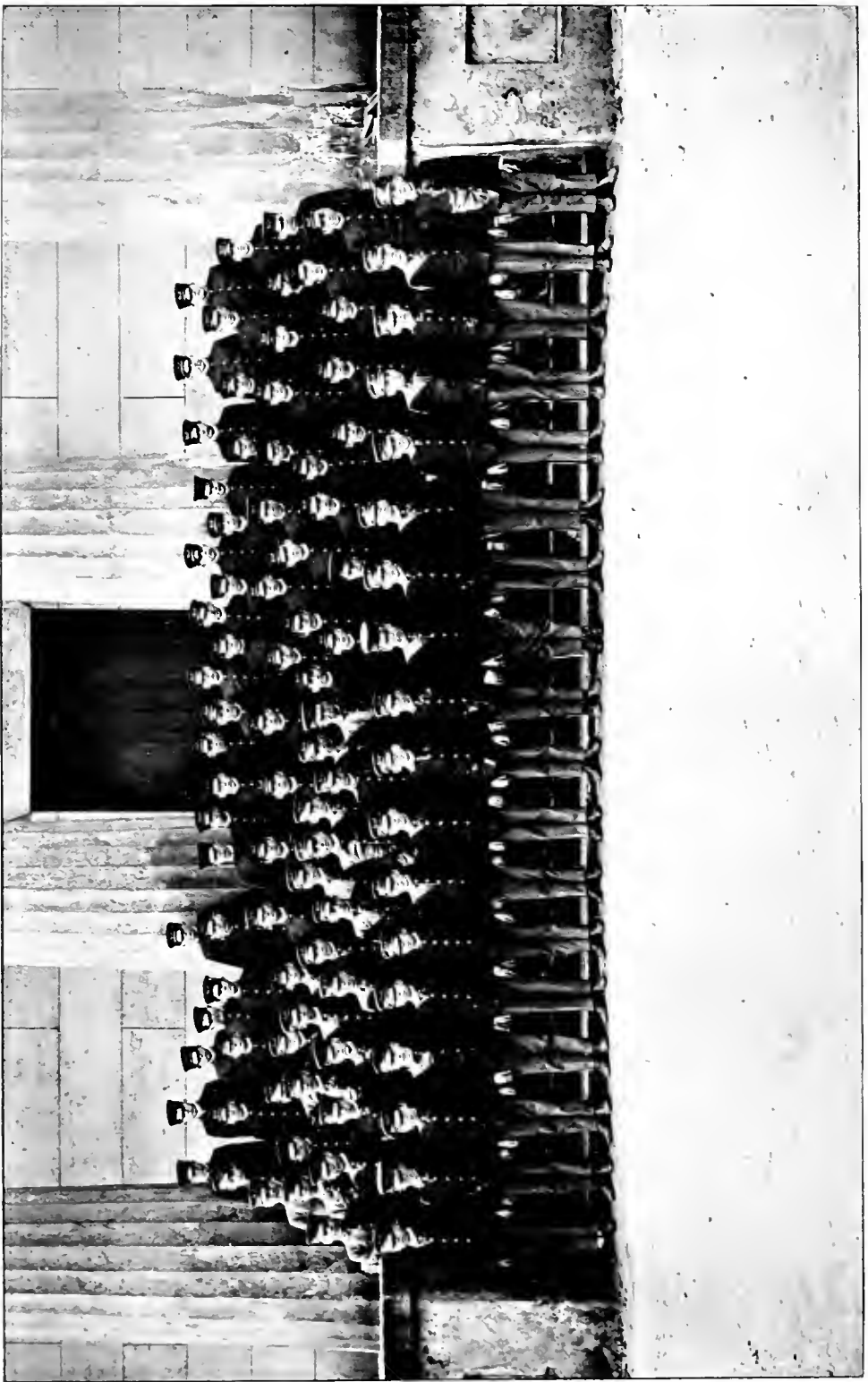
I took another look at it,
I thought it must be grass;
But, goodness, to my horror,
It was the Freshman Class.

SGT. HOMER HOWELL, '20,
and
SGT. MARION VERDERY, '20.

FRESHMAN



PAUL ROBERTS '21.



Freshman Class

Class Officers

<i>President</i>	HAGLER, EDWARD
<i>Vice-President</i>	CRAY, TOM
<i>Secretary</i>	BAXLEY, MARION
<i>Treasurer</i>	NIXON, GWINN

Members

Adams, Oscar	Fazio, Patsy	Miller, Dessie
Anderson, Bob	Fennell, Sam	Morgan, Henry
Anderson, Spike	Ferguson, Harvey	Morris, Milledge
Andrews, William	Flythe, Starkey	Murrah, Edward
Aitchison, C. T.	Fogel, Moses	Parish, Roy
Angelakos, Nick	Frank, Alex	Parker, Amory
Barnes, Tracy	Gepfert, Randolph	Parker, George
Barrier, Clarence	Gibson, Will	Perkins, Henry
Barrow, R. L.	Goodwin, Thomas	Phillips, Stephens
Beall, Louis	Graves, Thos. H.	Powell, Willie
Beasley, Joe W.	Hamilton, Jasper	Prather, Willie
Bessor, Phillip	Hardman, Rushton	Pate, L. S.
Binus, Lloyd	Harmon, Marion	Prescott, Leon
Bleakley, Arthur	Hatch, Ernest	Richardson, Nevette
Boatwright, Gray	Hatcher, H. H.	Rogers, Clifford
Britt, Wyman	Hattaway, R. L.	Samuel, Jarrette
Bush, Fred	Heath, P.	Saxon, Donald
Cadle, Fred	Hendee, Malcom	Seigler, William
Cheatham, Jack	Hogrefe, Carl	Shellock, Cecil
Chew, Ben	Humphrey, Alfred	Simkins, L. H.
Cohen, Leopold	Inman, Henry	Smith, Ben
Craig, Henry	Jordan, Howard	Southall, Richard
Cumming, Henry	Kershaw, Ted	Speering, Harry
Daniels, Clarence	Kilpatrick, Charlie	Spoffard, George
D'Antignac, William	Kinard, Verdery	Story, Lewis
Deas, William	Leary, Guy	Thomson, Young
Dunbar, Francis	Leitner, George	Van Pelt, John
Dyess, Guyton	Liops, Carlton	Walsh, Thomas
Fakes, J. T.	Matheny, Theodore	Walters, Fred
Emigh, James	Mertins, Fred	Whitlock, Higdon
Ergle, Ramsey	McElmurray, P.	Wren, Hubert
Farrar, Millard	Miller, E.	



WILLIAM H. STEPHENS

Last, but not least, comes our friend, William the Janitor. The pictures of the school would not be complete without him, as he has been with us for many a year. He was here when the present Seniors were Freshmen, and they, after June, will leave him still here, to see other Classes come and go. If it were not for William we would freeze in the winter, and if it were not for him we would be wading in chalk and paper, which the Freshmen take great delight in throwing. So, here is to William, may he continue at the Academy for many a year to come, and may his life be made more enjoyable by the future Freshmen throwing less shot and chalk.

DORMITORY





The Dormitory

Officers

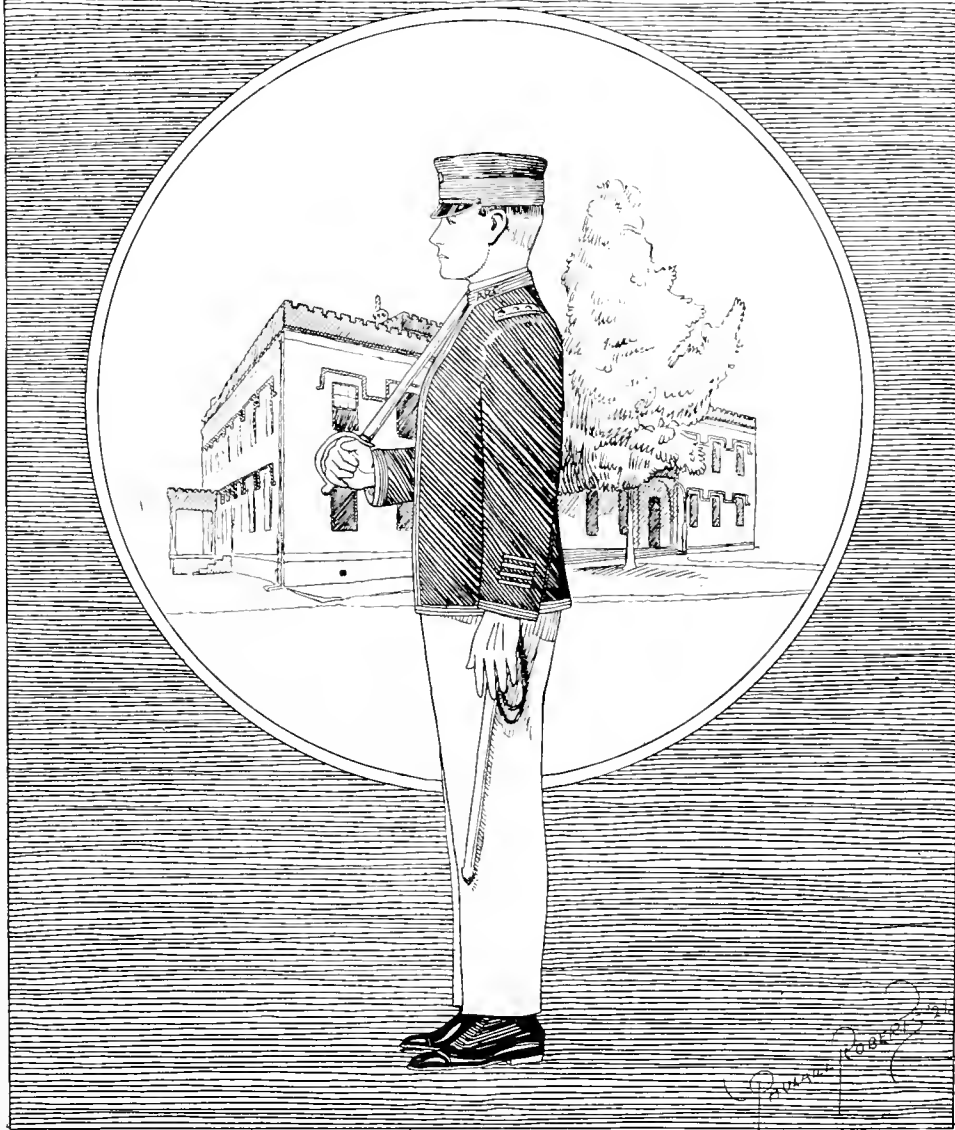
J. L. SKINNER.....	Policeman, Janitor and "Meat Slicer"
S. D. COPELAND.....	Detective and "Time" Keeper
C. G. CORDLE.....	Photographer and "Floor Walker"
R. N. ALLEN.....	Librarian and Debater
G. H. SLAPPEY.....	Correspondent and "Mail Watcher"

Inmates

AITCHISON, C.	Akron, Ohio	MAGRUDER, M.	Grovetown, Ga.
BLANCHARD, H.	Harlem, Ga.	MORRIS, L.	Hephzibah, Ga.
BLAND, W.	Statesboro, Ga.	NORVELL, M.	Grovetown, Ga.
CARSWELL, J.	Waynesboro, Ga.	PHILLIPS, G.	Harlem, Ga.
CARSWELL, P.	Waynesboro, Ga.	PHILLIPS, S.	Harlem, Ga.
DANIEL, C.	Millen, Ga.	PRESCOTT, L.	McBean, Ga.
DORN, B.	McCormick, S. C.	REESE, L.	Grovetown, Ga.
HARGETT, J. L.	West Point, Ga.	THOMPSON, G. A.	White Plains, N. Y.
HARPER, H.	Martin, S. C.	THOMPSON, Y. H.	Montrose, Ga.
HOLLIDAY, H.	Washington, Ga.	WALKER, G. W.	Cochrane, Ga.
JARRELL, J.	Athens, Ga.	WALTON, R.	Harlem, Ga.
JONES, I.	Jeffersonville, Ga.	WEEKS, R.	Harlem, Ga.



MILITARY



Military Department

Editor, CAPT. W. C. FLEMING

Available records show that the Academy of Richmond County was first organized upon a military basis in 1882 under the command of Capt. J. O. Clarke. The cadets were formed into a single company and drills were held in the afternoons, three times per week.

In 1887, Lieut. F. W. Greenleaf was put in charge of the Department, which was discontinued in 1888. Ten years later, a military organization was adopted under the command of Major Geo. P. Butler, who is the present Commandant of the Department. Two companies were formed and a short drill was held each morning, instead of the usual recess. After a few years, under the command of Major Butler, the Department had increased in numbers to such an extent that it was necessary to organize three companies, and later four, as in the present Battalion.

Light single-shot Remington rifles were used from 1898 until 1915 when Krag-Jorgensen Carbines were loaned by the Government and ammunition was supplied for target practice until the outbreak of the World War. The Rifle Range of the National Guard, which is situated about six miles from Augusta, just off the Milledgeville Road, was available for this purpose and some fine records were made by the cadets.

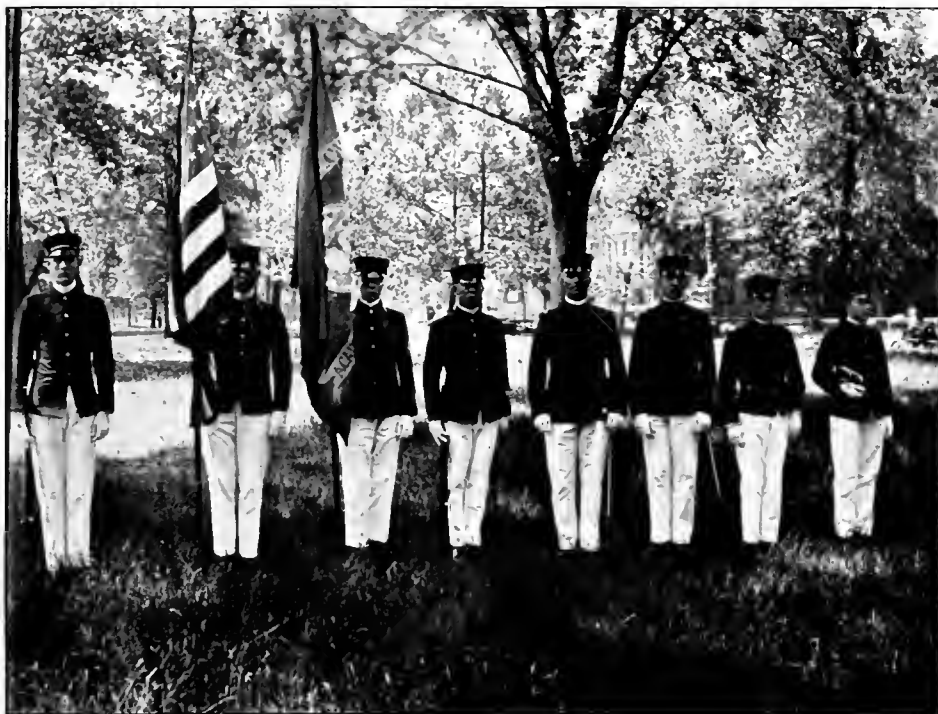
In 1914 a beautiful stand of Colors was bought, replacing the old Academy flag used before that time.

The Cadet Band was organized in 1915 under the leadership of Lieut. C. Kohlruss, and has been a most valuable feature of the Department ever since. It is worthy of note that no professional instruction has ever been given the Band and that the membership has always been confined to cadets actively enrolled.

The cadets have three uniforms: the fatigue uniform, consisting of a blue coat, bell crowned cap and grey trousers; the full dress uniform, consisting of the blue coat and bell crowned cap of the fatigue uniform and white trousers; the summer uniform, consisting of khaki breeches, shirt, cap and leggings. The fatigue uniform is worn by the cadets from November to April and the khaki uniform from April to June, while full dress is worn only on Memorial Day, Company and Individual Prize drill days and on other special occasions such as the Commencement Exercises.

The most notable features of the Military Department during the year are the Individual and Company Prize Drills held during the month of May, in which the ability both of the individuals and of the unit as a whole is tested to the limit.

In the Individual Prize Drill, each Captain is allowed to select ten men from his company. These men must be well drilled in the Manual of Arms as they represent the company in the Drill. The Captains give the commands and the Drill is judged by officers of the National Guard. Each cadet is allowed three mistakes before he is put out of the Drill. The last ten men standing count one point each for the company which they represent toward the Preparedness Cup, presented to the school by the Class of 1916. The last man standing in the drill is awarded the "Levy Medal" for proficiency in the Manual of Arms, and counts for ten points toward the cup for his Company.



Staff

Major G. P. Butler, Commandant; Lieutenant C. H. Cohen, Adjutant; Supply Sergeant, M. D. Belding; Color Sergeants, H. Cleckley and B. Merry; Color Guards, P. Roberts and J. G. Jarrell; Bugler, Meade Owens.

In the Company Prize Drill, each Company is brought up separately before three or four military judges, where it goes through the Manual of Arms and a few firing commands, and then gives a company drill, going through all the commands of Close Order. The drill generally lasts about twelve minutes. Points are given the Company according to the snap of the officers and men, the guiding, the number of commands given during the drill and the manner of execution.

After all the companies have performed, the judges meet and check over the points given each Company and the one receiving the highest number of points is declared the best drilled company of the year.

The company receiving the highest total of points in both the individual and the company drills has its name engraved on the "Preparedness Cup" as the best all-round company of the Battalion for that year.

During the World War the Academy was well represented in the Army, Navy and Marine Corps and a large percentage of her former cadets were commissioned as officers. I desire to make special mention of Capt. E. C. B. Danforth of the 82nd Division, Capt. Roy. Cooper, 82nd Division who was wounded and 1st Lieut. E. I. Ransom, who are all former Academy cadets and who were at the time of the declaration of war serving on the Faculty of the Institution.

Commissioned Officers

MAJOR GEO. P. BUTLER

CAPTAIN WALKER, J. M., Co. A.

CAPTAIN DOOLITTLE, C. A., Co. B.

CAPTAIN WRIGHT, G., Co. C.

CAPTAIN FLEMING, W. C., Co. D.

1ST LIEUTENANT ROBINSON, H. A., Band

1ST LIEUTENANT STURMAN, W. S., Co. A.

1ST LIEUTENANT SYLVESTER, C. D., Co. B.

1ST LIEUTENANT BURDASHAW, W., Band

1ST LIEUTENANT SYMMS, A., Co. C.

1ST LIEUTENANT SAXON, A., Co. D.

1ST LIEUTENANT CLARENCE H. COHEN, *Adjutant*

2ND LIEUTENANT WALSH, F., Co. A.

2ND LIEUTENANT WHITNEY, M., Co. B.

2ND LIEUTENANT FARCO, W., Co. C.

2ND LIEUTENANT MARKS, H., Co. D.





Capt. J. M. Walker

Company "A"

Commanded by Captain J. Miller Walker

Lieutenants

Sturman, W. S., 1st Lieut.

Walsh, F., 2nd Lieut.

Sergeants

Phinizy, T. B., 1st Serg.

Fell, W.
Robertson, P.

Morris, W.
Henry, G.

Corporals

Merry, G.
Battey, C. R.
Brenner, O. L.

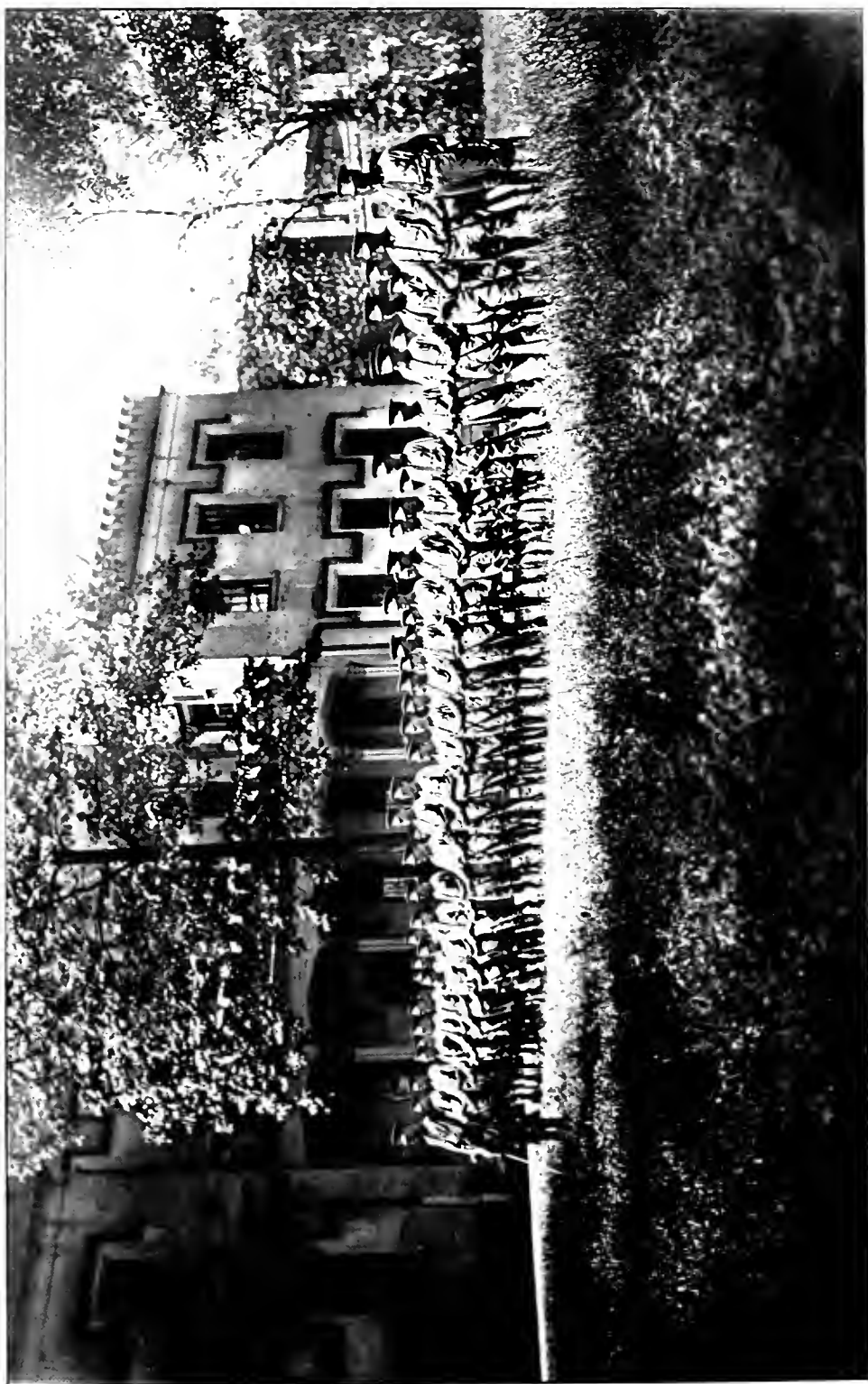
Gardiner, L. S.
Jennings, T. W.
Adams, J. M.

Privates

Aitchison, C. T.
Bland, W. E.
Belding, M. G.
Bowen, C.
Boyd, N. L.
Bush, F. W.
Bleakley, A.
Chumbley, C. M.
Chance, E.
Conley, H.
Chew, B.
Cheatham, J. H.
Cummings, H. H.
Doar, F.

Dorset, L.
Eubanks, R. L.
Emigh, H.
Gibson, F.
Gibson, W. H.
Holland, G. P.
Holman, M.
Humphreys, A.
Harper, H.
Kilpatrick, C.
Leary, G.
Lucky, J. C.
Legwen, G. W.
Martins, F. G.

Miller, D.
McElmurray, R. M.
Pate, L. S.
Roberts, P.
Robinson, R.
Sweet, E. A.
Spiers, W. T.
Saxon, D.
Tobey, N. M.
Walters, F.
Wright, H.
Watkins, R.
Weathers, C. F.
Wren, H.





Capt. C. A. Doolittle

Company "B"

Commanded by Captain Charles A. Doolittle

Lieutenants

Sylvester, C. D., 1st Lieut.

Whitney, M. A., 2nd Lieut.

Sergeants

Howell, H. A., 1st Serg.

Martin, R.
Lackman, R.

Morris, L.
Hook, F.

Corporals

Morris, A.
Miller, H.
Nachman, M.

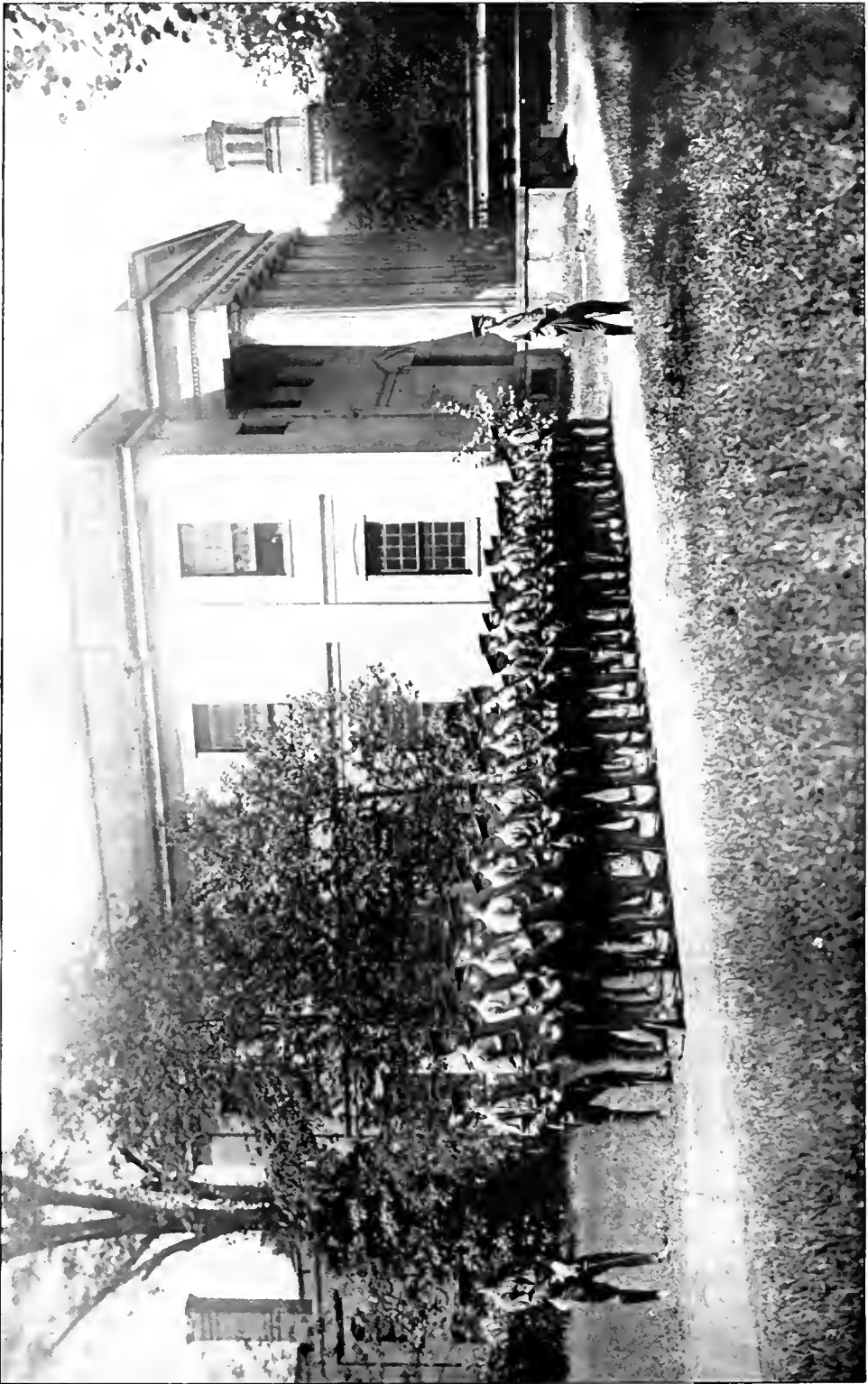
Kilpatrick, A.
McGahee, O.
Thompson, G. A.

Privates

Anderson, R. E.
Angelakos, W.
Barnes, E. T.
Baxley, M. E.
Beckum, T. D.
Bessor, P.
Blitchington, T. H.
Boatwright, G. M.
Cadde, F. L.
Caldwell, T. W.
Dimmock, W. E.
Eakes, J. T.
Evans, J. W.
Emigh, J.

Fazio, P. J.
Fennell, S. W.
Gillman, C.
Goodwin, T.
Gray, T.
Hagler, E. W.
Halford, M. E.
Harmon, J. M.
Hendee, M. H.
Imman, H. P.
Jones, I. G.
Jordan, H. D.
Killingsworth, R. M.
Law, W.
Laird, H.

Mason, H.
Matheny, J. T.
Morris, M.
Medlock, R.
Nixon, G. H.
Norvell, M.
Park, N. C.
Parker, H. R.
Perkins, H. R.
Phillips, A. S.
Thompson, Y. H.
Story, L. V.
Tanenbaum, P.
Trowbridge, K. S.





Capt. G. W. Wright

Company "C"

Commanded by Captain George W. Wright

Lieutenants

Symms, A., 1st Lieut.

Fargo, W., 2nd Lieut.

Sergeants

North, H. M., 1st Serg.

Smith, H.
Burton, C.

Sherman, J. C.
Heath, E.

Corporals

Philpot, W. K.
Lokey, L. L.
Gordon, W.

McCrary, W.
Radford, R.
Clark, M.

Privates

Adams, O.
Baird, W.
Baker, E.
Barrett, G.
Beall, F. L.
Beasley, J.
Blanchard, H.
Brittingham, G.
D'Antignac, W.
Dasher, N.
Dickes, E.
Dumbar, F.
Dyess, M. G.
Eubanks, H. B.

Ferguson, L. H.
Flythe, S. S.
Foucher, K.
Frank, A.
Gepfert, J. R.
Graves, T. S.
Hardman, J. R.
Hargett, J. L.
Hatch, E.
Hattaway, R.
Kershaw, J.
Lynch, W. H.
Mallard, M.
Marschalk, F. F.

Miller, E.
Murrah, E.
Newman, H.
Phillips, G. S.
Rice, P.
Richardson, N. S.
Riddlehoover, F.
Roseborough, E.
Southall, R.
Smith, M. B.
Speering, H.
Verdery, C.
Williams, R. M.





Capt. W. C. Fleming

Company "D"

Commanded by Captain W. Cornelius Fleming

Lieutenants

Saxon, A., 1st Lieut.

Marks, H., 2nd Lieut.

Sergeants

Nachman, H., 1st Serg.

Verdery, M.
Dumbar, B.Lehmann, A. H.
Fargo, C.*Corporals*

Parks, R.

Davis, W. H.

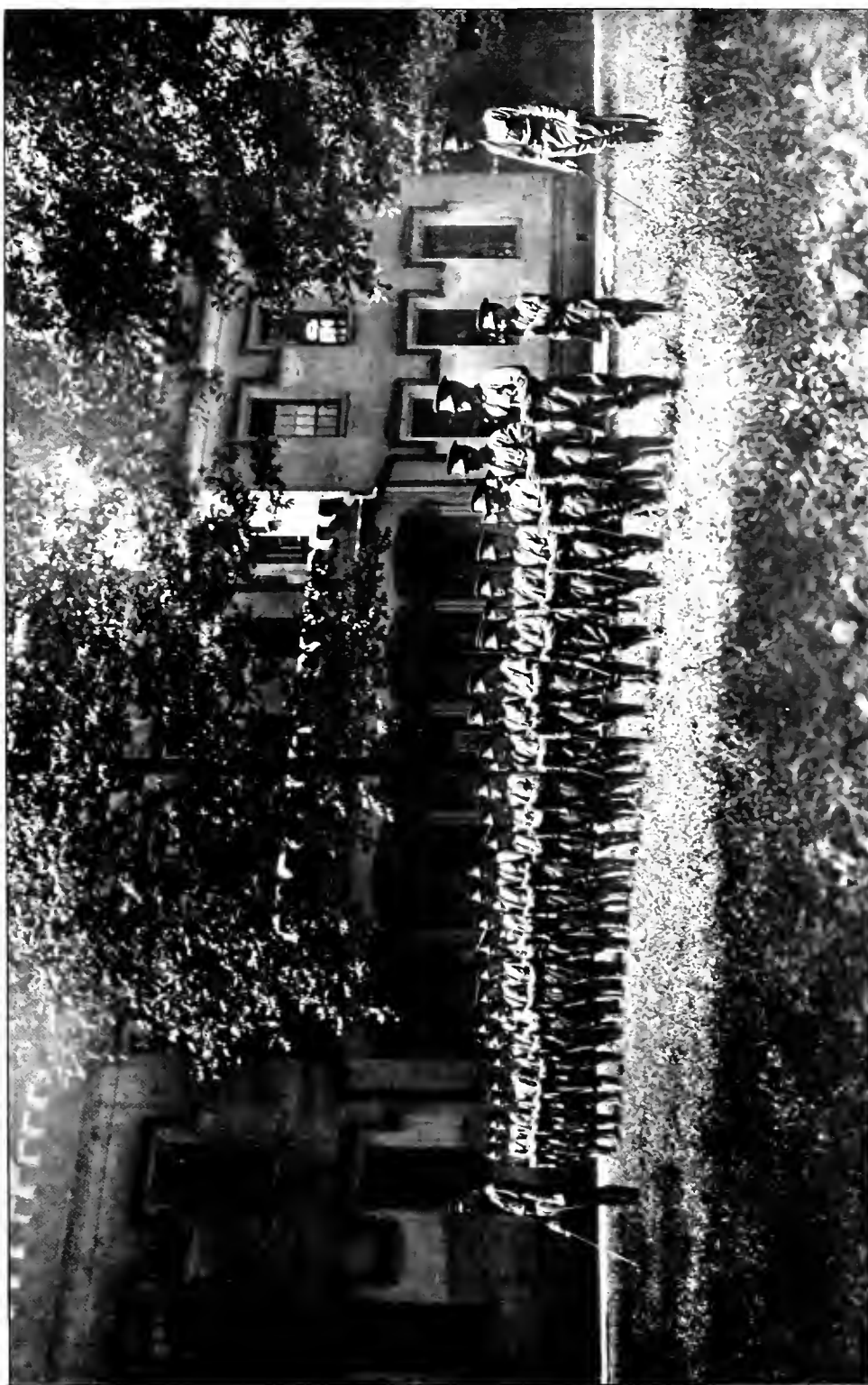
Hogrefe, C.

Privates

Andrews, W. C.
Attridge, O. C.
Barrow, R. L.
Brown, H. H.
Carr, L. G.
Carswell, P. W.
Churchill, W.
Cohen, A.
Craig, H.
Daniels, R. C.
Deas, W.
Farrar, M.
Fogel, M.

Florence, R. S.
Gepfert, L. R.
Harrison, D.
Heath, P.
Hiers, E. R.
Jarrell, J. G.
Kinard, J. V.
Leitner, G.
Magruder, G. M.
Morris, H. H.
McNeil, J.
Owens, A.
Parish, A. R.

Powell, W. T.
Prather, W. T.
Reese, L. E.
Samuel, J.
Sherlock, C.
Simkins, L. H.
Spofford, G. E.
Thomas, L.
Thomas, F.
Thompson, W.
Walsh, F.
Weigle, J. G.
Wyly, H.





1st Lieut. H. A. Robinson

The Band

Commanded by Lieutenant Henry A. Robinson

Lieutenants

Robinson, H. A., 1st Lieut. (Clarinet)
Burdashaw, W., 2nd Lieut. (Cornet)

Drum Major

Sergeant Carswell, J.

Sergeants

Clark, H. R., 1st Serg. (Cornet)
Levy, L. (Trombone)

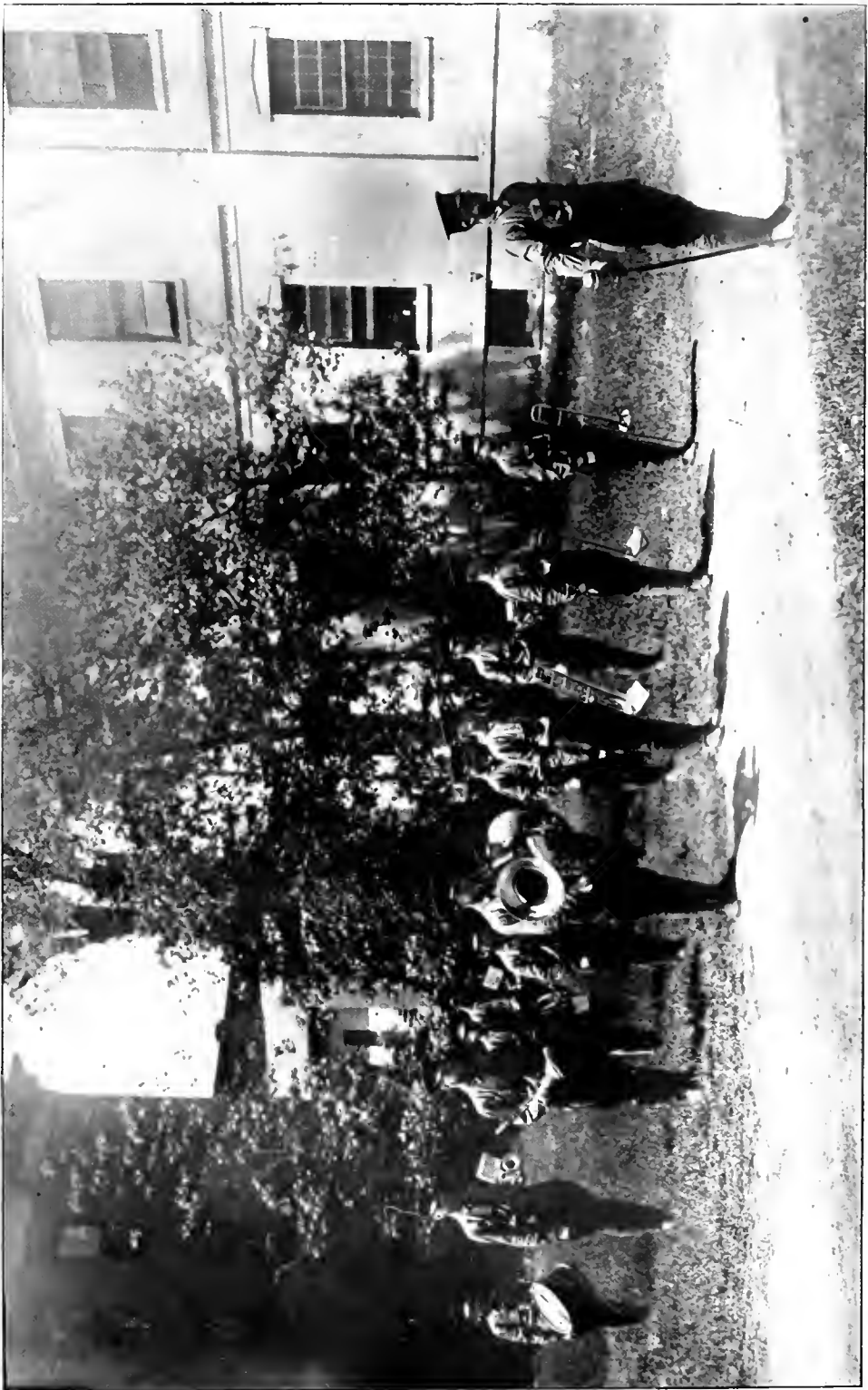
Corporal

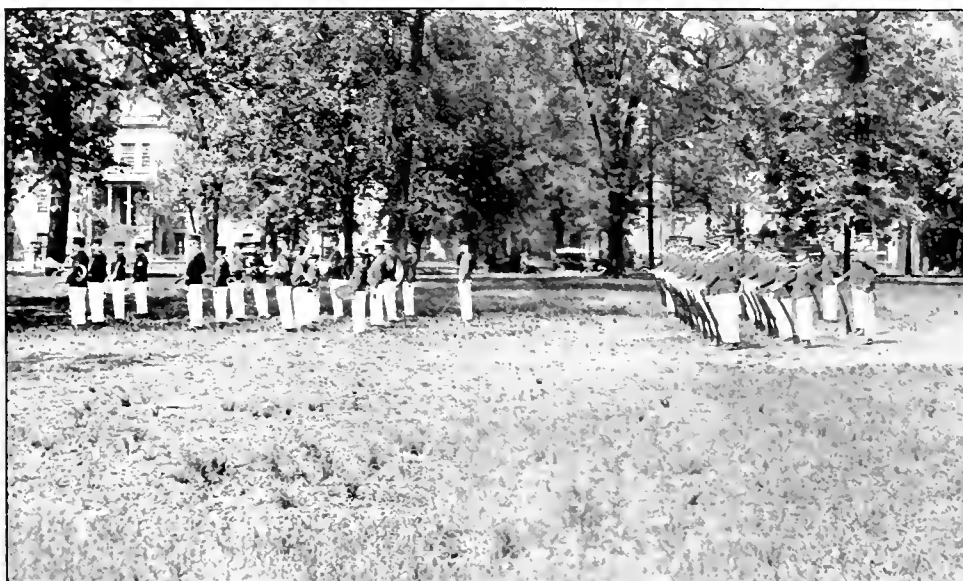
Young, W. C. (Cornet)

Privates

Anderson, S., Clarinet
Cohen, L., Alto
Ergle, R., Trombone
Hatcher, H., Bass Drum
Masur, L., Cornet

Kershaw, T., Alto
Walton, R., Tuba
Weeks, R., Trombone
Prescott, L., Baritone
Van Pelt, J., Drums

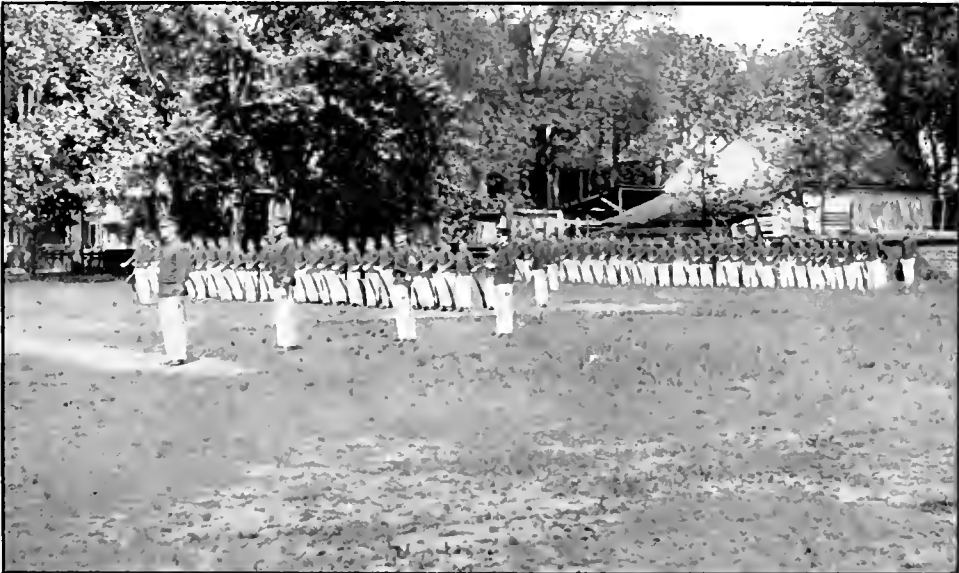




BAND AND COMPANY "A".



COMPANY "B" AND COLORS



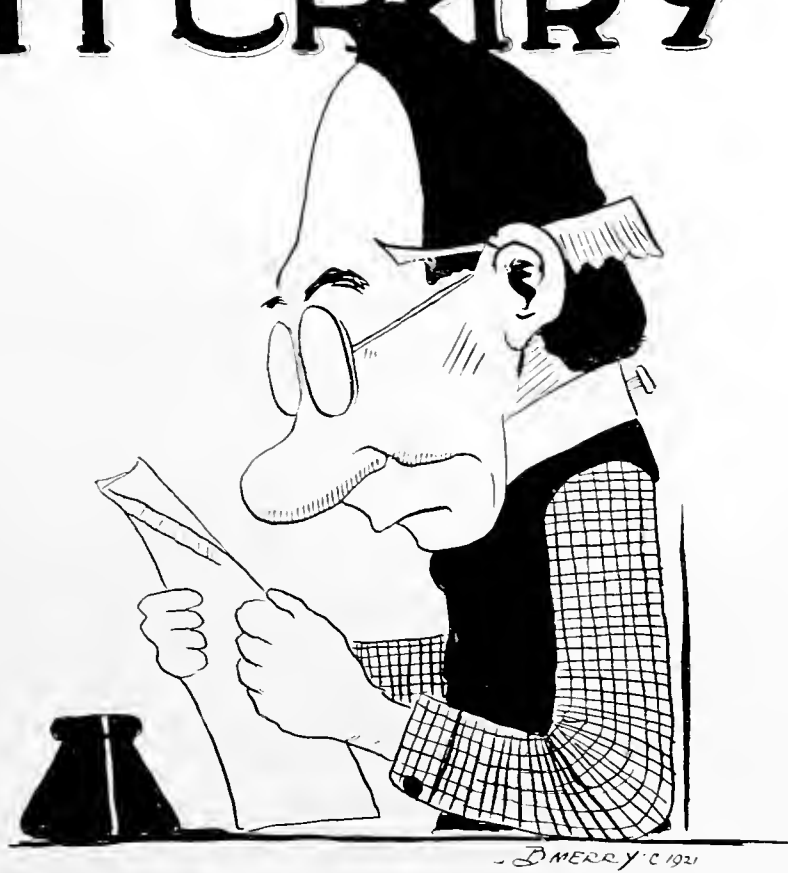
COMPANY "C", COMPANY "D" AND STAFF



We, the Senior Class of the Academy of Richmond County, do hereby solemnly and in good faith, dedicate this page to Tubman High School, with the hope that in the years to come there shall be an even closer bond of relationship between the two schools than in the past year.

THE CLASS OF 1919.

LITERARY



Literary Department

HERBERT NACHMAN, '19, Editor

The Fatal Sword

About the year 1880, when a part of the Royal Troops of England were billeted on the outskirts of the little village of Wiltshire, in the northern part of England, a terrible tragedy occurred among them.

In this particular regiment there were two brothers, John and Maurice Ingletow, who were inseparable. It happened that the amusement of the troops was very limited. When off duty they played different games, such as cards, Jack-knife and dice. They also indulged in the English athletic sports, but one of the things they took greatest interest in was daring one another to do things that were dangerous or risky. They longed for some excitement.

One night, when the card game had become uninteresting, one of the soldiers jokingly said:

"Which one of you fellows would enjoy a night in the village grave yard? They tell me it's haunted."

"I'll take you up, old top," said John Ingletow, accepting the challenge. "would tonight suit?"

"Sure," answered the other.

Since it was then only nine o'clock, John thought he would get a few hours sleep before starting on his journey. Going to his tent, he slept without taking off his clothes. At eleven o'clock he got up, slipped on his shoes, buckled two automatic pistols to his belt and started for the stable. There he selected the fastest horse. While he was putting the saddle on the back of the animal some of his friends entered the stable. They asked him casually what he was going to take for protection. He replied:

"My two reliable friends, my automatics."

"Those should be sufficient," said one of them, with a smile. Then they left him. He finished saddling his horse, mounted and started on his journey. While passing his tent, the thought struck him that there might be need of his sword, so dismounting, he went into his tent, unlocked his trunk, and got it. After buckling it around his waist, he again mounted his horse and continued his journey.

Would he have any trouble? Would he encounter anything out of the ordinary? Something told him that he would.

He reached the village at eleven-thirty and passed through without meeting any one. He reached the grave yard as the village clock was striking the hour of midnight, tied his horse to a hitching post, calmly walked into the grave-yard and took a seat on a tomb-stone. Unconsciously he felt for the butts of his automatics and the hilt of his sword.

He had hardly been there ten minutes, when about fifty feet in front of him, a figure in white suddenly arose from an open grave. The blood froze in his veins and he was paralyzed with fear. In a few moments he half-way regained control of himself. He could make out the spectre by the light of the moon. The head appeared to be a skull, fire flashing from the eyes; the white

robe it wore was smeared with blood; its walk was slow and deliberate. Coming toward him, it emitted a hollow groan, every few feet. The phantom was only twenty feet from him; he drew his automatics and demanded that the figure stop, but it came on. He fired, but to his dismay and untold terror, the ghost, with a mocking laugh, placed its hand to its mouth, took the bullet out and threw it back at him. He fired both of his automatics in quick succession and continued firing until they were empty. But the spectre, with the same blood-curdling cry, returned the bullets to him. Terror-stricken and desperate, he rushed up, drew his sword and plunged it into the chest of the figure in white. There was a dying moan; the form fell forward into his arms; the skull fell from its position, and he recognized the face of his own brother, Maurice!

It happened thus. While John was sleeping, his brother and the other soldiers went into his tent, took the bullets out of the cartridges and placed the blank cartridges back in the magazines. These bullets were then placed in the mouth of the skull, to be thrown at John when he fired the blank cartridges. The skull was borrowed from the village undertaker, phosphorus was bought from a drug store to be rubbed in the eye-sockets of the skull. All that was then necessary was the borrowing of a sheet and the smearing of a little beef blood. The possibility of John carrying a sword was not taken into consideration by the practical jokers.

COLDEN RIND BATTEN, '20,
Corp. Co. A.

Josh Corntossel's Letters

Dear Mirandy:

I'm a seeynur now, an' fur this reason I kin look down upon the fellers of the lower classes, which has to look up to me, seein' as I'm six foot two. Ye no, Mira, I aint eggzactly a English skollar, even if I am a seeynur, but as long as Mr. Cason, the man whut turns me how to speak, read and rite an spell the English langwidge korrekcky aint around, he wont no nuthin' about my spellin'. Ye no Mira, I hev to be very keerful whut I rite when Mr. Cason is round, bekause he uses such big words an' he dont want ye to use little wuns. When ye speak to him ye hev to say "epistol" fer "letter" or "pedal eckstremitys" fer "feet" an' so fourth.

Speekin about Mr. Cason, Mira, it seems that he dont do nuthin but pik on me all the time. Why the uther day I sed somethin about "kin" an he sed, "Yung man, do not elusidate to yer professor in such a inkomprensible fashun, ye shud have sed 'kan'." It kant be did. Then the nther day he sed, "Mister Corntossel," he sed, "ye appeer ter hev very little konsepshun uv how to komprehen the intrikit parts uv the English langwidge. If ye wood prolong the amount of mental ecksercize toward ther department uv English, ye wood probably aekomplish more in the way of elekooshun."

I sed, "Mister Cason, yer epiglotis is konfistikated."

Ye no, Mira, he's very fond uv usin big words, but when I sed that, he turned red, white an blue. He musta bin under the impreshun that I kud use bigger words than he kud because he sed, "Yung man, on akount uv yer impertinent attitude I shall give ye a hundred minnets." Honest, Mira, he give me a hundred minnets! Well I wuz so took back I kudnt say anything for a minnet, then I remembered my manners an sed, "Thank ye sir."

I dont understand him mutch because he uses sutch big words, ye kant understan him.

I havnt been doin mutch, Mira, I only been to sick's shows an' four movin' pickter shows this weak. Ye see I kant do mutch sassiety, seem as my time is all took up at skool.

I'll rite ye more next time, but a seenyur kant be egg-speckted to rite very mutch, as his time is all took up in skool.

Yers as ever,

Josh.

P. S. I met a gurl last nite. Say, Mira, if ye wood put yer hare on top uv yer hed like she duz, ye wood be just ez good lookin'—maybe.

Dear Mirandy:

I dont think I ever rote ye about the milinery department at this skool. The prinsipal uv the skool is in charge uv it. His name is Majer Butler (mostly Majer). I'm a stable sagent although we aint got no stable. I ware four stripes. The uthter day they gave us servis stripes. (Servis stripes, Mira, are—just servis stripes.) The seenyurs ware the mostest. When I got all uv them stripes put on my union suit, I looked like a konvick. Majer Butler is head uv the milinery department, but like all majers he dont do nuthin. He shoves it off on the adjutant, which is so thick-headed he *kant* do nuthin, so he passes it to the kaptins. I woodnt be a kaptin—ye have to holler to mutch.

We got a good fakulty at this skool. With the eggsepshun uv the teecheers its a peeche.

Mister De Bruyne is a Hollander, Mira, only he aint a Hollander, and he's a Frenchman too but he aint a Frenchman either. I think, Mira, he belongs to the leegue uv Nashuns. When you ask him a question in French, he sez, "Wee wee, absolutly mein freindt, dot iss der hokus-pokus uf der langwidge."

Mister Copeland is a perkuliar man, Mira, he wuz sposed to have kame frum Sugar Valley, but I think he came frum Lemon Mountain.

Mister Scruggs is another perkuliar man, Mira. He is what he thinks he aint. He wooda bin a dokter if he hadnt a bin a farmer an' he wooda bin a farmer if he hadnt a ben a teecheer etc. He must be a Bull-sheveeki because he tride to blow the akademy up onct in the lab. He nose more Fizzyology then the man whut invented it. (Or thinks he does.)

Then we got a kinder quiet teecheer. Mr. Kennedy is wun uv these here fellers whut looks worsen then he is. Thats how he gets along. He looks like he's mad all the time, but he aint, oh no! he's only angry.

Well Mira, I'll have to nock off an go see a gurl I met. Her names Angelika. She shore wood be pretty if she wuznt so ugly.

Averdupwa (Thats French),

Josh.

Dear Mirandy:

Wun uv hour old teecheers hez kame back. He wuz a korporal in the U. S. army. Mister Cordle kin shore teeche good. He teeched Cleckly how to run, so good that now Cleckly kin beat him.

We've got two bruthers on the fakulty. Misters O. C. an J. L. Skinner. Mister J. L. trys to be sarkastik, but as sutch hes a faylur. Mister O. C. is the same way when he trys to be stern. The trubble with both uv them is that they are to good natured. Mister O. C. hez bin like the ol mule ever sence hez bin assistant prinsipal, 'aint like he uster be.'

Oh yea, we got another feller whut hez kome back frum war. Mister Ransom wuz a lootenent in the army. He sez that he is the only man on the fakulty whut kin handle the Freshmen an' he got his eggspiense teechin rookies.

There is another quiet man on the fakulty. Mister Bryson is so quiet that ye cant here him unless he makes a noize. He wooda bin a farmer or a baseball player like Ty Cobb if he hadnt a bin a teecher.

Then we got the Gold Dust Twins. Mister Slappey and Mister Allen are to the fakulty, whut Smith an Belding are to the sennyur class. When ye see Mister Slappey, ye no Mister Allen is within a radius of a millyun miles from him. Mister Allen dont say much *unless* he talks an Mister Slappey dont say much WHEN he talks.

Well, Mira, them are the fellers who will either give me my diploma or wont. Dont tell nobody, Mira, but I think they wont.

Yours for a dip,

Josh.

Dear Mirandy:

Kongratulate me—I'm a dipper. A dipper, Mira, is a feller whut hez got his dip. A dipper hez to hev a dip, but a dip dont hev to hev a dipper. I bet my dip had hart faylur, because it thought it woodnt have a dipper, an I no wun dipper whut had hart faylur because he waz afraid he woodnt get a dip. I'm goin to be home Toosday. I hed to go out an tell Angelika good-bye. It most broke her hart. She give me a solid gold 2 karat skarf pin.

I'll see you immediately if not sooner, when I get off the trane.

Yours on a Sundae,

Josh.

P. S. I seen Mister Copeland just now an I sed I wuz goin to kollege. He sed he wuz glad to hear it. (I wunder whut he ment by that.)

HERBERT NACHMAN, '19.

1st Sgt. Co. D.

The Unsuspected Criminal

In the quaint village of Epernay, France, lived a rich old financier, Louis Fontaine. He was descended from the best French people and was known throughout the surrounding country. His wife had been dead fifteen years and his only consolation was that his son, François, would inherit his fortune. François, who was twenty years old, realized that his father's health was failing, and set out to procure a doctor, who would care for him.

At that time criminality in France was at its worst and every day brought forth many mysteries.

François returned from Ghent with a physician, named Pierre Stavros. He was a shrewd looking man and he seemed to know much of his work.

One month after the arrival of the doctor, a peculiar thing happened. It was on the night of September 27, 1897. Old Fontaine had just retired and François was attending a ball held in honor of Mlle. Marie Montmantre, the daughter of distinguished parents.

It was long after three o'clock when François started for home. Just as he entered the front door, he was clutched, bound and drugged, by several masked men.

When François regained consciousness, he found himself in an old room which was apparently a part of an old chateau. It was night and he heard the

sound of voices near by. He got up and explored the room, but he found nothing in it but an old trunk. All of the doors were locked from the outside and he knew he was a prisoner. He cared not for his own hardships, but thought only of predicaments that his father might be in. Thus he was kept for several days. Every night food was given to him and every morning he heard the clamor of rough voices, but occasionally he thought he heard a familiar one. However, he never paid much attention to it. On the third day he decided to examine the old trunk in the far corner of the room. In it he found some wigs and a long dirk.

One morning while he was cutting initials in the wall with his dirk, the blade sunk into a knot-hole in the wall. Immediately, to his surprise the old trunk swung noiselessly upward in the arc of a semi-circle, as if it were on oiled hinges. Where the trunk had stood, there was now revealed a hole in the floor. A ladder led down into the darkness below.

François descended the ladder and found himself in a large room which was filled with chairs and tables. On examining the room closely, he saw many kinds of firearms suspended from the walls. He took a revolver because it was best to be prepared for an emergency.

After several hours of wandering about in this cellar-like dungeon, he came upon an exit which opened into a thick woods. He saw the old chateau a little to the rear of him, but he did not tarry long. After reaching a highway, with which he was familiar, he proceeded homeward. His thoughts turned toward the doctor from Ghent, yet François was not certain that he was the guilty party.

It was about dusk when he reached home. To his great surprise, he saw his father and the doctor sitting by the large fireplace. He went inside and embraced his father, then he turned and shook hands with the doctor.

François' father told him that the commissioner of police, M. Godroy, had been notified of his disappearance, but that Godroy reported that nothing could be learned as to his whereabouts. Old man Fontaine also told François that on the day before, he had received a letter saying that his son would be returned to him, if he would give up one hundred thousand francs at Bellecourt Rock, on the road to Bellecourt. Then François related his experiences to the doctor and his father. He also produced the pistol that he had found in the cellar of the old chateau.

For the first time he noticed the initials on the butt of the pistol. They were M. G. The truth was clear now. François recalled the familiar voice that he had heard several times in the old chateau, to be that of M. Godroy, the commissioner of the Royal police of the Ghent district.

The next day he left for Paris and returned with a company of Gendarmes. They raided the old chateau and took Godroy with his companions prisoner. Godroy and his police colleagues were fined heavily and put in prison, while François Fontaine received a just reward for his important discoveries.

HARRY D. SMITH, '19.
Sgt. Co. C.

A Thing or Two About the Faculty

MAJOR GEO. P. BUTLER:

Highest Ambition: To run the school systematically.

Favorite Sport: Riding in his Packhard—I beg your pardon, Ford.

O. C. SKINNER:

Highest Ambition: To learn the art of being an office boy.

Favorite Sport: Going Fording with Major.

J. L. SKINNER:

Highest Ambition: To make a funny remark.

Favorite Sport: Slinging hash at the Dormitory.

W. R. KENEDEY:

Highest Ambition: To ride his bicycle with no hands.

Favorite Sport: Looking at the magazines in Miller's Cigar Store.

E. I. RANSOM:

Highest Ambition: To find a Freshman that does not wiggle, talk and can understand Math. II.

Favorite Sport: Calling down Freshmen.

C. G. CORDLE:

Highest Ambition: To get back into the army with his corporal stripes.

Favorite Sport: Running around the campus in his gym suit.

S. D. COPELAND:

Highest Ambition: To read all the history books in the world.

Favorite Sport: Giving time at the Dormitory.

M. T. BRYSON:

Highest Ambition: To become a scientific farmer.

Favorite Sport: Trying to run the baseball team.

C. A. SCRUGGS:

Highest Ambition: To catch the boy who throws shot in Study Class.

Favorite Sport: Trying to blow up the building with chemical experiments.

G. R. SLAPPEY:

Highest Ambition: To get married.

Favorite Sport: Dodging shot in his room at the second period.

J. F. CASON:

Highest Ambition: To become school detective and run down the Shot Gang.

Favorite Sport: Calling boys to school at 8:40 in the morning.

R. N. ALLEN:

Highest Ambition: To get someone to talk religion to him.

Favorite Sport: Strolling Broad Street with Mr. Slappey.

B. L. DEBRUYNE:

Highest Ambition: To make his collar stay fastened.

Favorite Sport: Riding his wheel and smoking black cigars.

SGT. W. H. MORRIS, '20.

Class Song, 1919

(Tune: "Maryland")

On Telfair Street, not far away,
Is A. R. C., the A. R. C.
Some boys attend there every day,
Some study hard, while others play;
But just the same they're always game
And hope some day to win great fame,
And proudly to the world exclaim:
We're A. R. C.'s, we're A. R. C.'s.

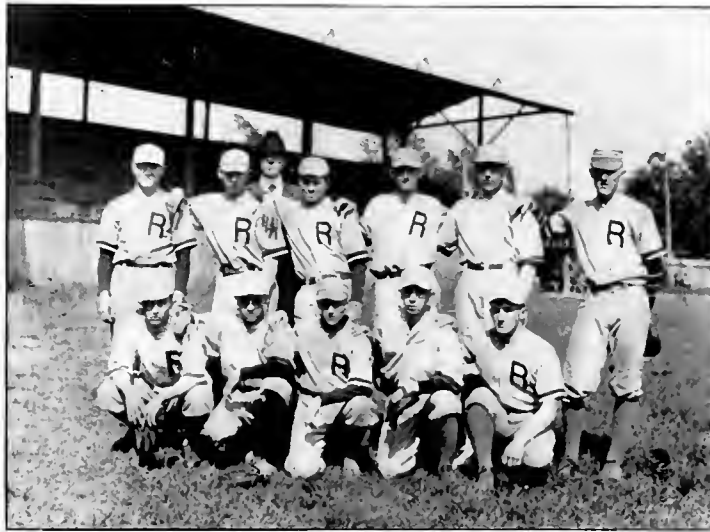
There are many types of fellows, too,
At A. R. C., the A. R. C.,
Some fair, some dark and reddish hue,
At A. R. C., the A. R. C.,
Lean, fat and small, short, broad and tall,
But very manly, one and all,
And when you see them, you'll agree
It's well to know the A. R. C.

'Twas here our Fathers went to school,
At A. R. C., the A. R. C.
'Twas here they learned the Golden Rule,
At A. R. C., the A. R. C.
The lessons learned so good and true
They showed the world just how to do,
And made it safe for me and you
At A. R. C., the A. R. C.

LIEUTENANT HENRY A. ROBINSON, '19.

ATHLETICS.





BASEBALL TEAM

J. W. CARSWELL, Captain, 2nd Base

FELL, W., Catcher.

GILLMAN, C., Pitcher

GRIFFIN, W., Center Field

HOLLIDAY, 3rd Base

KILPATRICK, A., Field

LEHMANN, A., Field

LOKEY, L., 1st Base

OWENS, A., Left Field

REESE, Short Stop

RIPLEY, Rt. Field

SYLVESTER, D., Field

Baseball

When the feeling of spring began to creep into the boys' veins and the days began to lose their chill the ball players soon made the campus a scene of action, so as to represent the Academy upon the diamond this year.

The Academy, like most all other high schools, has had a ball team since the game was first known. There has been some good teams and again there has been some that did not take off great honors. The Academy has developed some good players and on the University of Georgia's 1919 team three of the stars are old Academy ball players. They are Philpot, Davis, and Mangrum, who first showed their ability in baseball on an Academy diamond. In the past the Academy has shown up very well on the diamond and one year won the high school championship of Georgia.

The prospects for a good team at the beginning of this season's practice were not so good as prospects that had confronted the Academy Coach in past years. At the first meeting of ball players Carswell was elected Captain, the candidates numbered about thirty-five. There were four old letter men present, Gillman, Fell, Owens and Griffin, and around these the new team has been built.

Practice was started on the Campus and about time for the first game these thirty odd men had dwindled down to thirteen.

The season was ushered in when the Johnston Hayseeds visited Warren Park. Gillman worked on the mound, and, although lazy as ever, when the sun's rays had left the field, he had pitched Richmond to victory.

A week later the team journeyed down to Johnston for another contest. The atmosphere was so charged with things rural, a cemetery on one side and center field in a valley, that was being plowed to plant potatoes, that the city lads lost to Johnston by the score of six to nothing.

The team was somewhat disheartened after the result of this game but when they learned that the Johnston team was coming back their spirits rose and they practiced with the thought of revenge upon Johnston. The result was that when the country lads again showed up only two of their men were able to cross the pan while Richmond managed to put nine men across.

Next, on the day before, and on Memorial Day, April 25 and 26, the Academy faced the fast aggregation of Lanier High School. Lanier had already gained the distinction of defeating Tech High. In a comedy of errors in both games on the part of the Academy we went down to defeat. Gillman pitched a good game both times and if it had not been for the errors and the bad plays the score might have been different in both games.

On the tenth of May the Academy nine took a trip down to Macon to have another try at Lanier. The result of the game was a great deal better, although we were again defeated by the score of six to five.

Owing to conflict with school work the Academy was forced to lose Mr. Bryson as coach, but were fortunate in being able to secure Mr. Marvin Wolfe, who has shown himself an able coach.

At the time of this article going to press the baseball season is not over and from the way the team is now running it appears that there will be some more victories to add to their credit.

LIEUT. D. C. SYLVESTER, '19.

Athletic Editor.





TRACK MEET AT FAIR GROUNDS

Athletics

LIEUT. D. C. SYLVESTER, Editor

Athletic training under proper supervision is a very important feature in every good school; without proper supervision it is open to many abuses. Most all colleges favor athletics, especially inter-collegiate, and take special pains to give the men an opportunity to test their skill among their own fellow students, and also with students of other colleges. It is the same at the Academy, and there is a constant effort to make a winning team in every line of sport. It is the custom at some schools—we hope not of the higher ones—to allow a boy who is an expert in some sport, to attend so as to strengthen the team but do not require him to take any subjects, or very few subjects. At the Academy this type of student is not desired

as a hero or as an advertisement to the school. Hence no cadet can represent the Academy in any contest unless he has scheduled four units of work, not previously credited to him and has passed in three of these units for the week preceding the last Faculty meeting before the contest. His conduct also must be satisfactory. Therefore, you see, the men who represent the Academy on the field of action must be satisfactory students in both conduct and studies. It is also needless to say that the Academy ideals for amateur sports are absolutely against giving any compensation to any player for his athletic service.



TRACK PRACTICE ON THE CAMPUS

Track

Every year one of the leading sports at the Academy has been the field day events. The boys are divided into three different classes, lightweight, middleweight, and heavyweight, therefore giving the small boys equal chance with the larger ones.

A cup has been offered by the Faculty to the boy in any one of the three classes making the highest number of points. There has been great rivalry among the boys as to which weight would win this cup. In 1916 it was won by Jack Sherman, middleweight, who had a total of 20 points. In 1917 it was won by Robert Benton, heavyweight, who had a total of 18 points.

The school has nearly always sent a team to the 10th District Meet and the cadets have usually given a good account of themselves. At the state meet in 1917 Boswell Rigsby, the only entrant from the Academy, won the high jump at 5 ft. 9 inches, equaling the state high school record.

The track team of last year, consisting of Britt, W. W., Cleckly, H., Lanier, S., Sylvester, D., and Walton, M. C., journeyed to Sandersville for the district meet. Next week there was much rejoicing in the school as they had returned victorious.

Field day last year was held on April 16th and when the sun set on that fatal day there were three men tied for the Faculty Cup, Benton, R., heavyweight; Sylvester, D., middleweight, and Radford, S., lightweight. After much discussion it was finally decided instead of presenting the one cup to give each some prize, so a bronze plaque inlaid with silver was presented to each of the three.

The track team of 1919, when this article went to press, was progressing very nicely, and except for the fact that it has turned cold or rained each time a date was set, we would be able to announce the cup winner for 1919. But all we can do is bid each weight good luck and say "I told you so," when the winner is announced.

LIEUT. D. C. SYLVESTER, '19,

Athletic Editor.



Football

The usual football schedule was so interrupted by the Influenza epidemic that no varsity football games were played this year. Usually the Academy has a well organized team, and plays a great many high schools in the neighboring towns. In the past the school has made a fine showing and one year won the high school state championship. This year the usual practicing started and by the number of men out it appeared that the Academy would make a good showing. However, before the first game was played the school was closed for two months. When we came back it was after Thanksgiving, therefore too late to take up varsity football.

Every year beside the regular team, there is organized in each military company a football team. Any man who had made his "R" in football could not play, thereby allowing the more inexperienced ones a chance to show their ability in football. The teams have always made a good showing and there is a hot rivalry between the different companies.

This year on the restart of school the companies' teams were quickly organized. For about a week or so the campus was the scene of many a football scrimmage. They were soon whipped into shape and made ready for the first battle.

The first day Co. "A" played Co. "C," while Co. "B" played Co. "D." The game between "A" and "C" was hard fought and ended by neither side scoring. At one time it seemed that "C" would win but a fumble under "A's" goal post shattered their hopes. The other game ended in an overwhelming victory for "B," the score being 51 to 0.

The next day of battle ended by "B" defeating "C" by a score of 33 to 0, and "A" defeating "D" 12 to 6.

The third day brought about some startling results as "A" defeated "B," the supposed champions, by a score of 6 to 0. The other game ended in the usual way by "D" being defeated by "C" 19 to 0.

This day's playing left things in a tangle, as "B" had defeated "C" and "D," and "A" had defeated "B" and "D." "A" could not claim the championship because they had not defeated "C" and the rules are that the winning company must defeat the other three.

Therefore "C" demanded to play off the tie with "A." This was granted, but was postponed until after Christmas on account of a great many of the men being sick with Influenza.

After Christmas the tie was played off and ended by "C" being totally defeated. The score might have been different except for the fact that "C" still had three men sick, including the captain of the team.

This closed the season of football with Co. "A" the champions. On account of changes in the military department the companies have been moved up and the championship football company is at present called "D" company.

It is hoped that in the football season of next year the old reliable varsity will again take part in the high school football battles of Georgia and South Carolina.

The champion company football team is as follows:

SANFORD, W. (Captain).....	Quarter Back
STURMAN, S. (Manager). Full Back	JARRELL.....Left Guard
VERDERY, M. Right Half Back	LEHMANN, A.Left Tackle
REESE.....Left Half Back	HOGREFE.....Right Tackle
GRIFFIN, W.Right End	MARKS, H.Right Guard
FARGO.....Left End	OWENS, A.Center

LIEUT. D. C. SYLVESTER, '19.

Athletic Editor.

CLASS EVENTS.



Class Events, 1919

FRANK M. GREEN, Editor

During the year 1919 the most important epoch in class events was the Class Day Exercises which were held at the Richmond County Court House, April 19, 1919, at 11:30 A. M. The exercises would have been held in the Academy Building, but for the fact that there was no available seating space. A movement was started sometime ago to construct an auditorium, but because of the Great World War, the movement was dropped. We, the graduating class hope that in the near future, the long hoped for auditorium will be realized.

The court room was filled, the special guests being the members of the Senior Class of Tubman High School. Judging by the amount of applause, the friends and parents of the Seniors seemed to greatly enjoy the exercises.

One of the chief features of the program was the presentation to the school of a Memorial Slab in memory of Mr. J. W. Farmer. He was formerly head of the English Department, but died of Influenza during the past winter.

Class Day Program

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.....	<i>Major Geo. P. Butler</i>
PURPOSE OF THE OCCASION.....	<i>President C. A. Doolittle</i>
INVOCATION.....	<i>Doctor Wilson</i>
CLASS MINUTES.....	<i>Sgt. M. D. Belding</i>
CLASS POEM.....	<i>John E. Murphy</i>
CLASS HISTORY.....	<i>Capt. W. C. Fleming</i>
CLASS PROPHECY.....	<i>Lieut. C. H. Cohen</i>
LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.....	<i>Capt. J. M. Walker</i>
CLASS ORATION.....	<i>John W. Brittingham</i>
PRESENTATION OF MEMORIAL.....	<i>Capt. C. A. Doolittle</i>
CLASS SONG (Composer, Lieut. H. A. Robinson).....	<i>Entire Senior Class</i>
AMERICA.....	<i>Senior Class and Audience</i>

Presentation of Memorial

Ladies and Gentlemen:

It gives me a great pleasure, yet when I think of what it really means, it takes the pleasure out of performing the duty which is now before me, and that is the presentation of a Memorial Slab from the Senior Class, in memory of Mr. J. W. Farmer, our former English teacher.

It gives me a great pleasure to think that the class, as a body, thought enough of him to erect a memorial, but when you think of what this memorial really means, it means that he is gone forever, that never again shall we hear his cheerful voice, it puts a sorrowful side upon the matter.

Only those of you who have attended the Academy in the past few years know of the attitude and the feeling of the boys toward him. Very seldom in my five years here have I heard a boy speak against him, and if so he found himself alone in his attitude toward Mr. Farmer.

He was not only a teacher but he was a friend of every boy in the school. He knew and called nearly all by their first name and when passing on the street he had a cheerful hello for everyone.

He was liked by all from Freshmen to Seniors and since the idea of a memorial was proposed in the Senior Class there has been numerous requests from the other classes to allow them to help toward its erection. If the Seniors had been willing, which they were not as they wanted this Memorial to show their efforts and express their feeling, the entire school would have gladly contributed toward this end.

The Senior Class was especially fond of Mr. Farmer because this year had he stayed at the Academy he would have been our roll teacher. In other words, he would have been the leader and advisor of the Class in all its undertakings. In November, when we learned of his death, it was a shock to every boy in the Class, or better, to every boy in the school. We were not in session at the time, therefore could not extend our sympathies as a body, but immediately upon the reopening of school, at the first class meeting, the Memorial was proposed. It was unanimously carried and the result of our efforts is nearly completed, to be erected over the hearth in his former room. This room was chosen because it was his and had been his for years. Mr. Farmer took a great pride in this room, especially in its neatness and even today a great many of the pictures and books in it were left by him to the school. Therefore, what more appropriate place could there be for this Slab than in his room, where students in the years to come may associate his name and that room, and remember that "although he was not a man of many inches he was every inch a man."

Therefore, Major, I wish to present to you, as Principal of the Academy, this Memorial Slab in memory of Mr. Farmer, from the Class of 1919. It to be erected in his room and may it stand there as long as the walls of old Richmond, and if they should be destroyed that it be put in some appropriate spot, so that his name may forever live along side that of the school.

CAPT. C. A. DOOLITTLE,

President Class '19.

Class Oration, 1919

Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is with a feeling of gladness, intermingled with sadness that we come together this morning to participate in the exercises of the Class of Nineteen Nineteen. We are glad because we are soon to receive diplomas from one of the leading preparatory schools in the country; and because of the joy and fellowship that pervades so happy an assembly as this, we are sad at the realization that the time is approaching, when we must bid one another farewell, and leave behind us the pleasures associated with High School life.

It will soon be time for our commencement, as we have now passed the half mile post in our last year of work here. Is it not strange that closing exercises should be called commencement? Why use the word Commencement at the end? Is that one of the eccentricities of the English language? Or is it really a commencement?—Yes, the day we leave the class room, is certainly the day we commence our education, the foundation of which has been laid by our work at school. A good solid foundation will most assuredly make possible higher attainments and great achievements.

Many are the colossal monuments of humanity inspirational to thousands today, whose foundations were laid in the Academy of Richmond County. But the *good* foundation is never laid by the careless, indolent workman, who hurries through his task in order that he may amuse himself. Yes, my friends, we, the members of this Class have now reached a very critical point in the pathways of our lives. We stand today, on the dividing line between our boyhood world, and that universe of activity, which we are about to enter as men. Consequently it will not suffice to do as some fellows say, "O, I'll study all right when I get to College." The good foundation is just as essential as the work at College and even more so—and fellows, if we do not attain high marks we should not let that discourage us; because if we put into our work our best, noblest efforts, and at the end, even if we should not receive our much coveted diploma, we shall at least have the satisfaction of knowing that we have done our best.

If a fellow has the right kind of ambition, and possesses the will and determination to succeed, nothing on the face of the earth can stop his progress. Michael Angelo was seen gazing upon a lump of stone, and when asked why he, of such art, was gazing so intently upon a rough stone, he replied, "I see an angel there." And from that stone he carved an angel.

As our principal looks into the faces of boys when they apply to him for matriculation, he, too, sees what he hopes to carve—but I don't think he sees

many angels. He sees Georgia's future poets, physicians, financiers and statesmen. His predecessor once looked into the face of him who was to become the greatest statesman in the world. *Our Woodrow Wilson of America.*

By education our future is determined. Today education has become a great commercial asset. The man with a trained mind will be in great demand for the best and most responsible positions. Education is becoming more and more a necessity in the proper development of the crudest products of the earth; hence, the establishment of great technological and agricultural colleges.

General Leonard Wood, in an address to the New York lawyers club, said that the best soldiers were those who had studied and who had learned how to observe laws. Foch was president of France's leading military college, The Ecole de Militaire.

Pershing was a lover of books, and is yet. President Wilson, to whom the whole world is now appealing for counsel, was a "mere school teacher," a mere "book worm." No better example of the abilities of school teachers can be found than that of the part the teachers from the Academy had in winning the world war, and making practically the whole earth safe for democracy; so fellows if we hear one of those lazy, indolent, good-for-nothing persons say that Education may be all right, but some people try to get more than their share, we should laugh at the lamentable ignorance of the fellow. Education is the one and only thing we won't have to worry about getting too much of.

Abraham Lincoln was a boy of lowly birth, dwelling in poverty in a small log hut; and in this humble home he built the foundation of his career as one of America's greatest presidents, when he lay on the floor, beside his mother's fireplace each evening, after working all day in the fields, and studied with a lighted pine-stick for his lamp. He, too, was one of these so-called book worms, only in a modified way. He studied hard, for he knew his mother had made sacrifices to buy him those books; and, because he loved her, he studied them for her sake, as he felt within himself a cry for better and higher things. Our parents also make sacrifices for us; true some make large sacrifices, and some make very small ones, but the self-denial and sacrifice is endured to some extent by the parents of each of us.

As each little weed and flower on this earth is placed here for a special purpose, so also is every human being placed here with a specific duty to perform. Each and every tiny babe is born in order that he will make the world better by helping to blot out ignorance. All of our parents are interested in our work at school. And shall any one of us, through pure laziness, show our ingratitude for the consideration of the dearest and sweetest person in the world, our

Mother? I do not think, in fact I know, that an Academy boy is not that kind of fellow. But if he finds himself doing wrong, I am sure he will do right if he has a chance.

Now, as I have said, the present year is coming to the end; the time comes when we of the 1919 Class must leave the old Academy, and begin our commencement of life's problems. Some of us will go to work and encounter the actual hardships of the larger life, while the rest of us who will go to college will commence the study of the professions that we, some day, hope will be beneficial to humanity and will better the world.

Though we shall no longer be a part of the Academy after next June, yet I hope we will be able to continue our fraternal relations with every one connected with it. Let us continue our brotherhood, one with another; a brotherhood formed here, by the great good we have derived from our associations with one another.

We pledge our friendship to each and every one of you, both to teachers who have helped us to become members of this graduating class, and to pupils who we sincerely hope will some day be members of future graduating classes. While we are far away in Colleges, we shall be absent in body, but our very souls will strive for nearness, that the good of your influence and environment may remain with us as we struggle over life's rugged roads, prompted, encouraged, and inspired by "Amore Fraternal," or brotherly love.

JOHN W. BRITTINGHAM,
Class Orator, '19.

History of the Class of 1919

The class of 1919 entered the Academy in the fall of 1914, with eighty-one members, and this was the largest Freshman class that had ever been enrolled by the A. R. C. up to that time. However, we decreased the percentage of demotions of the preceding years. With this honor, some of our classmates fell by the wayside during the stormy weather of the Freshman year, and at the beginning of the Sophomore year, we had decreased to about sixty.

This was partly due to the fact that some of our classmates felt that their wonderful intellectual abilities would be restricted in such a narrow sphere as the Academy, and that the only proper thing for them to do was to get out into the world and make their name famous; while others felt that they needed a rest from study, and the Academy was not giving them a sufficient time for this, so it was necessary for them to continue their education at some other noted institution, or test their undoubted abilities in the business life of the community.

Having passed a somewhat quiet year as Sophomores, we entered the Intermediate year with a decrease to about fifty. Here again we see the desire among the members to go out in the world and be their own masters. Many went of their own accord, while others were persuaded by the faculty to take such a course.

Having completed our intermediate year, we entered the Junior class with about thirty-five. At the same time, we went from the Land of Exemption to that of Examination, and this was quite a change for a few of us. At this time, most of us had high ambitions. There were electrical, mechanical, civil engineers, doctors, lawyers and big business men among our number, while some of us were undecided as to what we wished to become, but were able to come to a more definite decision after standing some of the examinations of that year.

And now when on our last voyage across this stormy and unknown sea called Knowledge, there are only seventeen who are able to take the trip, and even among this number some have become sea-sick, and wish to quit the ship, and land on some unknown island, regardless of the scarcity of their provisions, but just for the sake of being on land once more.

Having related to you a brief history of the class of 1919, I will endeavor to give you a short history and description of each of the present members, and for the sake of convenience I will relate them in alphabetical order.

The first of our noted number is Mr. M. D. Belding, commonly called "Milt." He came to us from the Woodlawn Grammar School, and has made quite a record while at the Academy as an athlete, and also in the Military Department, where he ranks as Stable Sergeant. "Milt" has the distinction of being the only Freshman in the Senior Class. Milt is tall and fat. He has black hair and black eyes, and may always be distinguished in a crowd by his amorphous and crag-like face. Mr. Belding and Mr. Harry Smith form what is called by the class "The Leavenworth Clique," the sole purpose of which is to worry Mr. Henry Robinson.

The next on the roll is Mr. James Boatwright, who is generally called "Boaty." Boaty comes to us from Houghton Grammar School, and is noted for

his great oratorical ability, and his great love of order. In the Military Department, Boaty is captain of Company X. Mr. Boatwright is short, fat, ruddy complexion, and a very red nose, probably due from overwork. Mr. Boatwright and Mr. John Murphey form what is called by the class "The Sing Sing Clique," the sole purpose of which is for the uplift of the student body.

Then comes Mr. John Brittingham, who entered the class at the beginning of this year, and for this reason we know very little about him, except that he is quite a lady killer and some dancer. Britt came to us from Mt. St. Mary's Academy at Crumettesburg, Maryland, where he made quite a record as an orator. Britt is short, fat, black hair, black eyes. He can always be distinguished by his inevitable green tie.

Mr. Clarence Cohen is next! Beg your pardon, Adjutant Cohen! He comes from Monte Sano School and is noted for his great military ability. Clarence says that the secret of rapid promotion in the military department is the color guard of the Band. I would like to say that Mr. Cohen has revised the tactics as to the manner in which the commissioned officers shall wear their swords, and has made several other notable changes which he believes will be for the betterment of the Battalion. Mr. Cohen is tall, thin, sandy hair, blue eyes, and may always be distinguished by the softness of his voice.

Mr. Charles Daniels was added to our number in the Junior year. Mr. Daniels came from the Millen High School, where he made quite a record as a student. Mr. Daniels is noted for his great love of the ladies, and his appreciation of a good joke, especially those which he relates himself. Charlie says: (I-I-I do-n-t s-s-s-see how you g-g--e-t that way M-Mr. C-Cason.) Nevertheless, Charlie is a good sport, and helps to lighten our school work by side remarks which he is frequently making in the class room.

Mr. Charles Doolittle, who came to us from the Houghton School, is called in general by the class "Charles," and is noted for his business ability. Charles is president of the Senior class, and is editor of the Annual. He is making quite a success of his task, even though the business manager, Mr. Cohen, is afraid that Charlie might run away with some of the finances, he has the entire confidence of the remainder of the class. Charlie is noted for his bull-headedness—nevertheless, he has become very popular, both in the class and on lower Broad. Charlie is tall, fat, light hair and black eyes, but even with the drawback of his visage, he makes quite an imposing picture.

Mr. Fleming comes next. I would like to tell you a lot about him, but I haven't the space or the time, and I suppose his classmates will take care of him. He came from Monte Sano School, and is commonly called by the class "Red." He may always be recognized by the jet black color of his hair.

We next find the name of Mr. Philip Goldstein upon the roster, commonly called "Goldy." He comes to us from Davidson Grammar School, and is noted for the fact that he is the strongest man in the class, even though Mr. Henry Robinson contests this distinction. He has been with us during the entire five years, and has time after time impressed this upon us. He is further noted for being the only man who never asks a question. Philip is short and thin. He has jet black hair and gray eyes, and also a very fair complexion.

Mr. Frank Green, the well-known chemist, came to us from the Woodlawn Grammar School. Frank has lately invested in a very dangerous machine, and he keeps the class worried for fear he will get pinched for speeding. Mr. Green is tall, thin, has blue eyes and is of a fair complexion. He is noted for having discovered a new formula for hydrochloric acid, H. Cl_2 .

Mr. Griffin came to us from Houghton. Wylie has made quite a record while at the Academy as an athlete, while at the same time he has made other records out of school with his fair complexion and cute little dimples in his cheeks.

Mr. John Murphey, who was said to be a student of Houghton, is noted for the fact that he can get credit for all his work, except that under Major, without opening his books until the night before examination. He has been credited even with Mr. Cordle's work, and Mr. Cordle is said to claim that nobody ever passes anything under him, unless they study every night. By way of emphasis, I would also like to state that a certain student in last year's class caused him to break his record. Johnny, as I have stated before, is joined with Mr. Boatwright in a league for the uplift of the student body.

Mr. Herbert Nachman, commonly known by the class as "What used to be, but isn't now," came to us from Monte Sano School, and may be recognized by the following description: short, thin, black hair, black eyes, and a very sarcastic smile. Herbert is commonly called by the class "Nach," and is noted for his chemical ability. In the Military department, Herbert ranks as 1st Sergeant in Co. D.

Mr. Henry Robinson, the most perfect lady in the class, came to us from Houghton School. Henry is composer of the class song, and has many other notable things to his credit. In the Military Department, Henry ranks as 1st Lieutenant of the Band, and has made quite a success of getting all of the discord out of the instruments. We sincerely hope that he will be able to get his drum in shape by Memorial Day.

Mr. Harry Smith, who is generally associated with Mr. Belding, the two being called by the class "The Gold Dust Twins," as one is never seen without the other, came to us from the Woodlawn School, and has made quite a hit at the Academy, both as a technical student, and as an athlete. Harry is the right hand man on Fifteenth street. He is also very popular in certain other parts of the city. Harry is a sergeant in the Military Department, and probably would have been higher, but for the fact that he takes everything so seriously.

The class wishes me to state that Harry has been awarded the Croix de Guerre for bravery in action while in Mr. Slappey's French class. The reason of this award is withheld by the censor until after graduation, because it might be of use to Mr. Slappey in probing some of the mysteries of his class room.

Mr. Sylvester, whose chief ambition is to become a student at the University of Georgia, came to the Academy from Monte Sano School. "Syl," as he is called by the class, is a hard-working student, and never lets his social duties interfere with his studies. Doughty has made quite a record as a track man, winning the cup last year. In the Military Department he has the rank of 1st Lieutenant, Company B.

Then comes Mr. Walker, the boy who put the bull in bulling, and took the pleasure out of living. Mr. Walker is commonly known in the class as "Snookums." He came to the Academy from the Central School, where he stood high in his class. He has continued his good standing while at the Academy, and at the present time has the prospect of being the first honor man in the class. In the Military Department he has the rank of Captain in Company A.

Last, but not least, is Mr. George Wright, commonly called George by the class. George is short, fat, black hair, black eyes, and can always be distinguished in a crowd by his fair complexion. In the Military Department George is Captain of Company C, and probably if he had devoted his time to athletics, he would have taken honors in high jumping.

I cannot say that this is the end of the history of the class of 1919. I hope it is only the beginning, but this is all I am able to relate, and I thank you one and all for your kind attention.

Faculty Announcements

(1) Mr. Charles Daniels wishes me to announce that Mr. Copeland is from Sugar Valley.

(2) Mr. J. L. Skinner wishes me to announce that Mr. Cordle is receiving three to four letters daily from France, and that the handwriting is that of a Mademoiselle. For further information, please see Mr. deBruyne.

(3) Mr. Slappey wishes me to announce that he is still a single man, but willing, and that he will be at the main door after the exercises to receive any bids which may be offered.

(4) Mr. Scruggs wishes for me to announce that he has ordered some hollow glass tubing for the chemistry lab, which he hopes will be here in a few days.

CAPT. W. C. FLEMING,
Class Historian, '19.

Class Minutes

Ladies and Gentlemen:

It has been my pleasure during the years of 1918-1919 to act as Secretary and Treasurer of this class, and during the time which has elapsed I have witnessed, and not only witnessed, but recorded many things which have happened in our class meetings and elsewhere. I will now submit some of the things which the class has accomplished and is to accomplish in the near future.

Our first class meeting was sounded off at the command of our honorable President (Mr. Doolittle) on the 15th of December, 1918. This meeting started our career as a class in a body and ever since then we have been increasing in judgment and in knowledge. The main purpose of this meeting was to decide on the erecting of a slab to the memory of the late Mr. J. W. Farmer. After much discussion regarding the price, design, size and etc., it was finally passed. A motion was then made that we take immediate action on the matter of the class pins and rings. A committee was appointed to draw and submit a design and after a guarantee from Mr. Fleming, the chairman, of getting them in two weeks we received them two months later.

Now the second broadside was fired on the 18th of December (3 days later). Nothing but a wrangle was accomplished, due to the absence of the President and the Secretary. Mr. Walker, the Vice-President, presided.

After many days of holiday during the "Flu" ban we were at last able to meet on the 22nd of January, 1919. This meeting was of considerable importance due to the many brilliant ideas conceived by the members of the class while Chemistry, Trig, English, etc., could not interfere. A motion was then made and seconded that the matter of the A. R. C. Light, a magazine published in the past, be dropped and that we publish a school annual. This motion was unanimously carried and the movement is now well under way. Some of the leading merchants in town have given us advertisements and we are going to publish an annual this year which will be highly appreciated by us, and not by us only, but by other people throughout the city, state and nation as well. Then a motion was made and seconded that prompt attention be given the matter of our class day. Prompt attention was given it and as a result we are able so amply to entertain you.

Two days later we were again able to have a wrangle. This meeting was mainly for the discussion of the details regarding the annual. After an appropriate talk by Mr. Copeland regarding the price, size and other details, we elected the following men to act as our staff:

<i>Editors-in-Chief</i>	Doolittle, C., and Walker, J. M.
<i>Literary Editor</i>	Nachman, H.
<i>Assistant Literary Editor</i>	Green, F.
<i>Military Editor</i>	Fleming, W. C.
<i>Sport Editor</i>	Sylvester, D.
<i>Joke Editor</i>	Brittingham, J. W.

<i>Class Events</i>	Green, F.
<i>Cartoonists</i>	Roberts, P., Merry, B., and Levy, L.
<i>Business Manager</i>	Cohen, C.
<i>Assistant Business Managers</i>	Smith, H., and Wright, G.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer's Report</i>	Belding, M. D.
<i>Publicity Editor</i>	Goldstein, P.

Our next meeting was held on the 27th of January, 1919. The main issue of this meeting was the discussion of the details of the slab. The price, size and design was definitely decided upon, and has now been approved by the Board of Education and the Trustees of the School.

In our next assembling on the 31st, our President announced the death of Henry Card, one of our class members of last year. A committee was appointed to obtain or order a floral design for him. Through the prompt attention of Mr. Wright we were able to send one.

Our next meeting was launched on the 4th of February, 1919. After reading a list of the participators, which you see here, we elected Mr. Brittingham as our class orator. Very soon you will be able to judge this appointment as you see fit. The program submitted by Mr. Fleming was finally accepted and through some alterations by our English teacher, Mr. Cason, you are now able to enjoy it.

During our class meetings of the year many thrilling incidents have occurred such as arguments, reprimandings, congratulations, good order, fights and exhibitions of oratorical ability. For instance, Mr. Robinson became very much infuriated over a statement made about a certain young lady, rose in anger, but was quickly removed and placed in the adjoining desk.

At our last meeting Mr. Cohen was chosen as class prophet on the resignation of Mr. Sylvester. Mr. Cohen was also made to sign a check.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, I hope you have borne with me through the talk I have just made and I will to the best of my ability endeavor to summarize the main things our class of '19 has accomplished.

- 1st. We are erecting a slab to the memory of Mr. J. W. Farmer;
- 2nd. We are laboring over our annual which will be highly appreciated;
- 3rd. We have both original and beautiful pins and rings, and,
- 4th. We have assembled this program.

These enumerated accomplishments, few as they may seem, represent constant work on the part of the members of the class, the cartoonists and the faculty.

SGT. M. D. BELDING,
Secretary and Treasurer, '19.

Class Poem

Dear Friends, I've been appointed,
To bore you for awhile.
Now I'm very fair at rhythm,
But my rhyming is quite vile.

I was chosen as class poet,—
Why, I really cannot see,
There are sixteen brighter members;
What made them pick on ME?

In our youth, we were a hundred,
But exams our ranks have cleft,
So, the ending of our journey,
Finds sixteen and I are left.

Now, number one is Belding,
And since Fate must joke, Alas
This smiling red-faced "freckless",
Leads the roll-call of the class.

Then comes "Jimmie" Boatwright,
Loved by Hazel best of all.
He's great at joking teachers,
But his marks are, Oh! so small.

Then follows "Jonnie" Brittingham,
Our orator so punk;
He waves his hands with gestures wild,
But his words are only bunk.

Next we have Big Cohen,
Our Adjutant so fat,
With the body of a giant,
And the knowledge of a gnat.

Daniels, fair, of Millen,
Follows close upon his feet;
He captivates each maiden,
That he may chance to meet.

Then comes our honored President,
Whose faults I cannot shirk—
Doolittle is his cognomen,
And likewise is his work.

Next is Cornelius Fleming,
Better known to us as "Red",
With a brain so large and brilliant,
That it glows upon his head.

Number six is Philip Golstein,
Our anti-Polshevik;
He thinks he's some debator,
But can only raise a squeak!

The next upon the list is Green
The linguist of the Bunch,
He eats up foreign languages,
As a freshman does a lunch.

Griffin follows on the roll,
An Athlete, short but true,
I'm told he got his training,
From serving Walt's stew.

Then have we Herbert Nachman,
The long lost Missing Link,
He might have made a hundred,
But he never learned to think.

Now follows Henry Robinson,
Our charming suffragette,
He's very, very deep in love,
But is not married, yet.

And next is darling Harry Smith,
Our lovely baby boy,
He's the ideal of his parents,
And his teacher's ray of joy.

At last comes "Tough" Sylvester,
He's lazy, well, you bet!
If he'd started ten years sooner,
He would be senior yet.

Near the end is Miller Walker,
That military Chap,
Such a nut is he for honors,
That we're hardly on the map.

And then the last and longest,
Wright, the scientific man,
Always, when it comes to ladies,
You will find him right on hand.

There remains but one to mention,
And I close my dull refrain:—
Stobborn, indolent and lazy,
He has been his teacher's bane.

Such we are,—with few high records
Not a genius in the crew,
But by sweating, digging, tugging,
We have somehow muddled through.

JOHN E. MURPHEY, JR.
Class Poet,
Class '19.

Class Prophecy, 1919

The day was very warm and sultry and not one in which you could study easily; so, laying aside my English book, I picked up my cap and started out for a walk.

I walked and walked and soon I found myself in a large forest. Not far ahead I saw a large lake. I walked to the edge of the lake and there sat down. It was very cool and pleasant there.

Suddenly a thought struck me: it would not be long until Commencement and after that we would all be scattered to the four-winds. This naturally turned my thoughts to the future.

I looked into the lake and in its mirror-like depth I seemed to see many strange shapes and forms. Gradually they took definite shapes and I saw myself riding in a very rapidly moving train.

The world seemed beautiful indeed. Everything was fine until suddenly there was a terrific crash, and I was thrown violently from my seat. There were cries from everywhere from people that had been hurt. Crawling out of the wreckage I helped the uninjured get the injured out. The engineer especially was badly hurt. Some minutes later several doctors arrived, but they said there was no hope for him.

Suddenly a great cry arose: "Here he comes." "Who is it?" I asked of a by-stander. "Why the great Doctor of course. He will save the lives of all."

An automobile came rushing up and in it I saw a fine looking young doctor. His face looked very familiar to me.

Indeed, it was no other than my old school mate, John Brittingham. After he had attended to the injured people, I walked over and spoke to John. He said that he had discovered a new substance that would heal any disease or injury. He also told me he was head doctor in Johns Hopkins University.

He invited me to go on to the city with him. We got into a machine and were driven along a fine country road. I noticed a very beautiful farm, and as we passed near the entrance, we noted a large sign which said: "Green's Scientific Farm." We stopped at the farm for water and found our old friend Frank Green the owner. Frank said he was doing very fine and that he was making a wonderful success because he was applying Chemical methods to farming.

We soon took leave of Frank and we wished him continued success, and then went our way. Arriving at the city I took leave of John and went to a hotel. As I was approaching a table to write I noticed a rather small gentleman walk up the aisle of the hotel. Everybody seemed to bow and give away before him, small as he was. His stature looked very familiar to me. He suddenly turned, and to my surprise and delight, it was my old friend Miller Walker. Miller was the owner of this large hotel and a great leader of the many social functions then going on in the city. Suddenly Miller asked to be excused, as he was in a very big hurry to arrange a large dance for the Tubman Seniors that very evening. I then went out into the street, and, seeing a cab in sight, I hailed it. To my surprise the driver was Milton Belding. Milton said that he was

doing a thriving business and, in fact, had monopolized the jitney business of the town. He also stated that he was married and had four beautiful children. I told him I would like to go down to the bank. Milton was a fine driver and we arrived in the Ford without a mishap. I told Milton that I hoped his business would continue to prosper, whereupon he stated that he was going to stay in this business only a very few months, and then retire.

As I went into the bank I saw the door of the President's office standing ajar and, upon looking in, I saw George Wright. George was very glad to see me, and when I asked him how he had become President of the National Exchange Bank he blushed, as he was always in the habit of doing, and said that by an application of "Trig" he had worked out a great formula for calculation and thereby had become President. While we were talking a young lady came in. To my surprise, George introduced me to Mrs. George Wright, Jr. George said, "Er——you know probably, of course, that Mrs. Wright's father was also President of this bank. I soon took my departure and as I walking down the street I suddenly began to feel hungry.

I looked up and saw a sign, "Dairy Lunch." I went in and found that my old friend Wyly Griffin was the owner. Wyly said his business was now so large that Walton Dairy Lunch and all others were forced out of business. I soon took leave of Wyly and started again on my walk.

As I walked slowly down the street my eye was attracted to a large sign which read: "Sylvester and Daniel's Beauty Parlors." "Could this," I said, "really be some of the old class?" I mounted the stairs and entered the waiting room. I saw first Charles. He said Doughty was busy but he wished I would wait awhile. While waiting, he told about the place. He said his main duties were to polish finger nails and talk to the ladies in the waiting room. Doughty soon returned and I asked what detained him so long. He replied that he had been beautifying several Tubman Seniors for Commencement Dance. I soon took my departure, and further down the street my eye was attracted by still a larger sign.

This sign was peculiarly worded as follows: "Learn to Love Young. Special rates to A. R. C. Boys and Tubman Girls. Information from long experience. H. Robinson, Love Expert." "Well, well," I said, so Henry was trying from his own experience to help those poor young people. Anyway, I found him happily married and enjoying life thoroughly.

I now came again upon the street and chanced to buy a paper from a boy. I noticed in large black head lines: "U. S. Senator makes most wonderful speech on record. Startles whole Country." I happened to glance further down in the column and noted this famous Senator was my old friend Philip Goldstein.

Further on in the paper I read that if it had not been for the "Great Editor and His Wonderful Management of the Great Firm of Doolittle & Co., that there would have been a very serious financial crisis." Charlie, as I understood it, was the Editor-in-Chief of the largest paper in the world, and also head of the largest firm in Wall Street.

I now happened to go back to the old school, and I saw two of the old class men there. I noticed a note on the Bulletin Board which read: "Major W. C. Fleming, Commandant and Professor in Mathematics." Under this was,

"Captain H. Nachman, Assistant Principal and Instructor in English." Cornelius certainly was strict on the "report business." He had each Sergeant go around at inspection and measure the length of the hair on each boy's head. If it was a quarter of an inch too long the poor fellow found himself back at extra drill. Yet Major "Red" had a wonderful Military Department. Herbert, of course, was in the Commandant's office, doing duty as office boy, while Major Fleming explained the Sign, Co-sign and Tangent. I asked them if they had heard anything of the other members of the old class. Herbert said he heard that Harry Smith had gone into the mining business and that Harry's favorite pasttime was weighing tons and tons of metal. He said that, in fact, the matter of weighing tons had made such an impression upon Harry's mind that he had married a lady by the name of Weddington.

As I walked along towards one of the parks I saw an enormous crowd gathered around a platform. I learned from some one in the crowd that a great evangelist was speaking. As I edged closer in I heard his fiery voice say: "Come, ye brethren, unto me, I will teach ye how to do good in this world." This fiery orator continued to speak and I thought it surely must be Billy Sunday; but no, it was our old classmate, James Boatwright. James certainly excelled Billy Sunday. Why he made strong men cry and say they would give up the old habits and reform. Jim's doing this kind of work, of course, was no surprise, for we had all thought that Jim would make the world much better to live in. I went up and spoke to him and he said that he had the world's record for making such addresses. I bade him good-bye and, wishing him continued success, I continued on my way.

As I walked on I thought to myself, surely there was some one else in the class. This was recalled by my coming suddenly to a crowd. I looked up quickly and saw a large building on fire. The flames were spreading and then came the fire engine. A sharp voice gave a command and as I looked around I saw my old classmate, John Murphey, who was Chief of the Fire Department. Johnny certainly knew how to manage his men well and it was not long before the fire was under control. While watching the firemen, a hose was suddenly turned in my direction and I was soaked with water. Everything seemed to fade before me.

I jumped up off the ground, for the wind was blowing so hard it had washed the water of the lake over me. I now hurried home, realizing that all my happy thoughts of the future were but a day dream.

LIEUTENANT CLARENCE H. COHEN.

Class Prophet, '10.

Last Will and Testament

STATE OF GEORGIA,
RICHMOND COUNTY.

Last Will and Testament of Class 1919

We, the Senior Class of the Academy of Richmond County, in the County of Richmond and the State of Georgia, being of a perfectly sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby make, publish, and declare this instrument to be our last Will and Testament.

We hereby appoint William Redding Kennedy as sole executor of this Will.

ITEM 1. We hereby give and bequeath to our beloved Commandant, Geo. Phineois Butler, one volume written by the celebrated European mathematician, DuBois, on "How to Teach Trigonometry," and we hereby decree that at one and the same time, the said Executor shall secure and present to Olin Conway Skinner, volume 28, series 42, from Chicago Library Association, entitled "the duties and privileges of an office boy."

ITEM 2. To Bartel Locker DeBruyne we hereby give one collar-button. Said article to be of solid bone in composition, $\frac{3}{16}$ of an inch in length, and not to have been made in Germany.

ITEM 3. To Marion Turner Bryson we hereby give one ten-cent D. & M. baseball.

ITEM 4. To John Franklin Cason, we the class, thoroughly realizing and appreciating his *real worth*, do hereby independently grant the degree of M. L. M. F. (most learned man on the faculty).

ITEM 5. Thoroughly realizing the inefficiency of the employees of the local gas company in reading meters correctly, and thoroughly appreciating the great drain upon the Academy's finances therefrom, the class does hereby give and bequeath to James Lister Skinner one meter stick, to be used in the dormitory.

ITEM 6. To George Hiley Slappey, we hereby bequeath 10 yards of invisible wire netting, guaranteed to protect against chalk, books, and flying missiles of all kinds.

ITEM 7. We hereby give Chester Antonius Scruggs one slide rule, said article to be used in connection with his arithmetic work.

ITEM 8. We hereby give and bequeath to Charles Guy Cordle one pair of perfectly good khaki Corporal Chevrons.

ITEM 9. We, the class, bequeath to the present fourth class all our Senior privileges, which we as Seniors were not allowed to enjoy.

ITEM 10. To Philip Goldstein we hereby give one \$1.00 Ingersol watch.

ITEM 11. We hereby bequeath to John Edmund Murphey six dozen tardiness excuses already signed.

ITEM 12. To James Boatwright, Jr., we bequeath one book on "How to Get Along With Your Teachers," written by George Parker, Freshman.

ITEM 13. To Harry Davis Smith the class hereby gives one toy fire engine.

ITEM 14. The class hereby leaves to Charles W. Daniels one green coat sleeve to replace the one burned out in the laboratory lately.

ITEM 15. We, the class, hereby decree that the Cadet rendering the most satisfactory answers to the following current questions shall be exempt from all examinations during the year 1931:

Question 1. Why Lt. Robinson buys street car tickets by the whole-sale?

Question 2. Where and from what barber Capt. Fleming got his so-called haircut, of April 3rd?

Question 3. Why Mr. Cordle, about the time so many pro Germans were sent to Leavenworth, began referring to himself as a teacher of German, rather than as a German teacher?

Question 4. Why Mr. Copeland once made the following remark in class: "Alas! I, like Napoleon, have come to the conclusion that I am living in the wrong age." (Hint: His next statement was, that there were too many other brainy men in the world today.)

Question 5. Where Capt. Wright got his idea that all the female inhabitants of the Island of Helena are named Helen?

Question 6. Why Capt. Doolittle couldn't keep his class pin 24 hours?

Question 7. What Mr. Ransom's answer was to the Freshman who asked him what an atom lived on?

Question 8. Why Baker made the following remark just after Mr. Slappey had finished distributing about 400 minutes: "Professor, you are losing time."

Question 9. How Cohen promoted himself to a 1st Lt.

Question 10. Did Mr. Copeland really come originally from Sugar Valley?

ITEM 16. Finally, to our faithful Janitor, William Henry Stephens, we do hereby give, bequeath, and devise all our class property and all appurtenances thereunto belonging or in any wise appertaining.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, We have hereunto set our hand and seal this 19th day of April, in the year of Our Lord 1919.

Signed: THE SENIOR CLASS.

Witnesses: REMBERT ALLEN, *Instructor*,
EDWIN MILLER, *Freshman*,
MARION W. NORVELL.

CAPT. MILLER WALKER, '19.

Debating Societies



Joseph R. Lamar Literary Society

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<i>Vice-President</i>	BATTEY, C.
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Belding, M. G.	Hardman, J. R.	Owens, A.
Brenner, O. L.	Hook, Frank	Parks, R.
Cohen, A.	Holliday, P. H.	Phinizy, T.
Conley, J. H.	Jarrell, J. G.	Phillips, G. S.
Dicks, J. E.	Kershaw, T.	Philpot, B.
Eakes, J. T.	Legwin, G. W.	Roberts, H. P.
Emigh, H.	Marks, H.	Roseborough, E. E.
Fleming, W. C.	Merry, B.	Tobey, N. M.

Alexander H. Stephens Literary Society

Officers

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<i>Vice-President</i>	HOWELL, H.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	WRIGHT, G. H.

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Brittingham, J.	Levy, L.	Robinson, H. A.
Cleckley, H.	Mallard	Saxon, A.
Cohen, C. H.	Morris, H.	Sherman, J.
Davis, W. H.	McGahee, O.	Smith, B.
Dimmock, W.	Magruder, M.	Smith, H.
Dunbar, B.	Murphey, J. E.	Story, L.
Emigh, J.	Nachman, H.	Sylvester, D.
Fourcher, K.	Nachman, M.	Symms, A.
Goldstein, P. J.	Nixon, S.	Trowbridge
Halford	Paul, S.	Verdery, C.
Hagler, E.	Parker, G.	Verdery, M.
Heath, E.	Radford, S.	Williams, R.

The Debating Societies

The Academy has two debating societies, the Joseph R. Lamar and the Alexander H. Stephens, both organized by the late Mr. Farmer.

The debates in the school are between representatives of the two societies.

There is a Faculty Cup presented each year to the society winning the largest number of debates. This cup is to become the property of the society which wins it three years in succession. So far, the Joseph R. Lamar Society has won it one year, and the Alexander H. Stephens Society also one year.

The Academy has had some very good debates since the organization of these literary societies. "Long and heated arguments" have been staged by members of both societies.

This year, on account of the "Flu," interruptions and the great rush to make up time, our debates have been somewhat curtailed. However, we managed to get one debate just after the last quarantine and hope to have more before the end of the school year. The subject was, "Resolved that the United States should build and maintain a Navy second to none in the world." The Alexander H. Stephens' representatives had the affirmative and were Capt. C. A. Doolittle, Lieut. D. Sylvester and Serg. M. D. Belding. The Joseph R. Lamar representatives had the negative side of the question and were Corps. Hook and Battey, and Pvt. Tobey.

After an hour or so of rather warm discussions, in which each of the six young gentlemen nobly acquitted himself, the decision was rendered in favor of the affirmative.

The Academy has wonderful prospects before her for debating, and we sincerely hope that every effort will be put forward in the future to secure an even higher standard in this most important phase of a young man's education.

CAPT. J. M. WALKER, '19.



Jokes

JOHN W. BRITTINGHAM, Editor

LAUGHS

A FRESHMAN

It is batty; it is buggy; it is a male. It dislikes some liquids. A few of these being soapy water and iodine. Unlike other vegetation, its greenness is unaffected by frost. It looks cute—at a distance. It sounds good—when silent. It *is* good—for nothing. It *is* beloved—by all—its parents. It is admired by all—its aunties when they see it in its khaki uniform. It looks "so" handsome—to itself. It is "so" crummy—to everybody else.

It eats continuously. It yells at ball games—when hit by a foul ball. It sleeps—sometimes on its bed. More often it sleeps in class. It is like a birthday—it comes every year. It —————

(N. B. Unfinished; here the author went crazy over the prospects of the last sentence above.)

The Faculty has suggested that the following questionnaire be sent to each cadet when he reaches the age of reason, about sixteen years (?):

1. What is the address of your Jane?
2. (a) Give the address of two good blondes.
(b) Give the address of two good brunettes.
(Answer both or none.)
3. Do you prefer blond or brunette?
(State reason.)
4. Do you know of any other good addresses?
5. Where were you last night?
6. Is that the correct answer?
7. Then what is the correct answer?
8. Have you ever been wounded (shot)?
9. Give the brand, cost and where more can be obtained.
10. Have you any on hand now?

Signed.....

Signed.....

(Second line to be signed by your Pastor.)

OH, THAT HEART SMASHER

DAD: "Did you tell that young man of yours that I'm going to switch off the lights at ten?"

ROBBIE: "Yes, dad."

DAD: "Well, then?"

ROBBIE: "He said to thank you, and that he would wait until ten to call hereafter."

VIRGINIA: "Dearest, will you love me always?"

CORNELIUS: "Sweetest, I have loved you all the ways I know how."



IN THE MOONLIGHT
(A Senior's Idea of Heaven)

OUR BUSINESS MANAGER

A broken vow,
A lifeless form,
A flash of steal,
A blinding storm,

Strange shadows flit across the lake,
How much did Manager Cohen
make?

A member of the faculty has suggested green and ivory as colors for the Senior Class.

THE METRIC SYSTEM

There are meters iambic,
And meters trochaic,
There are meters in musical tones;
But the meter
That's sweeter
And neater—
Completer,
Is to meet 'er
In the moonlight alone.

—Ex.

FRESHMAN: "What does 'Ex.' mean after a joke?"

SENIOR: "It means Exchange, of course."

FRESHMAN: "Oh, does it? I thought it meant extinct."

JIM AND HAZEL

"Pray, let me kiss your hand," said he, with looks of burning love.

"I can remove my veil," said she, "much easier than my glove."

HEARD IN CLASS

MR. RANSOM: "What three words are used most among Academy students?"

WEARY FRESHMAN: "I don't know."

MR. RANSOM: "Correct."

MR. CASON: "Why is love like a gentle breeze?"

SENIOR CLASS: "Don't know, 'Fess'."

MR. CASON: "A gentle breeze is a zephyr, a zephyr is a yarn, a yarn is a tale, a tail is an attachment. Love is an attachment, so it is like a gentle breeze."

DANIEL: "Th—th—that's simple. Anybody ought to know that."



THE GREAT SPRING DRIVE

WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME

Wyly, H.
Henry, G.
Young, C.

Goldstein, P.
Inman, H.
Robinson, Reuben
Laird, H.
Slappey, (Fess.)

Lackman, R.
Eakes, J.
Allen, (Fess.)
Verdery, M.
Eubanks, H. and R.

Hook, F.
Owens, A.
Murphey, J. E.
Edleblut, T.

HEARD IN CLASS

ROBINSON, H.: "Mozart received six crowns for his first composition of music."

DANIEL: "Y—y—you mean he got cr—crowned six times."

MR. CASON: "Animal is any object that possesses self locomotion."

MURPHEY: "Not necessarily, Mr. Cason. I know an animal which does not possess self locomotion."

MR. CASON: "What animal is that?"

MURPHEY: "A paralyzed man."

MR. SLAPPEY: "Mr. Boatwright, will you please translate the first paragraph in your French book."

BOATWRIGHT: "I left it home, 'Fess'."

MR. SLAPPEY: "Sixty minutes for failure to bring your book to class."

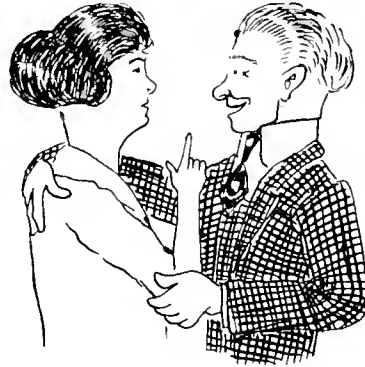
BOATWRIGHT: "I was just kidding, Mr. Slappey, here it is."

ANGRY FRESHMAN: "I don't think I should have gotten zero on this test paper."

MR. RANSOM: "I don't either, but that was the lowest mark I could give you."

Mr. J. L. Skinner was heard to say, "Now is the time to buy thermometers, they'll soon be going up. Class: "Ha, Ha."

HEARD IN THE PHYSIOLOGY CLASS
 Oh fair are the halls where stern
 Meningitis
 Makes love to Miss Asthma;
 Where bright Influenza is wooed by
 Pneumonia
 And Measles join Mumps in the
 beautiful star.



GIRL: "Dearest, you have been making love to those French girls."

SOLDIER: "What makes you think that, sweetheart?"

GIRL: "Because you have improved so."

Capt. Wright is quite a scientist. One day Mr. Scruggs, professor of physiology wanted to look up a few formulae in Physics, so he asked, "Has any one in the class a Physics book?" Capt. Wright heard him say something about Physics so hastily and solemnly said, "What do you want to know."

N. B. A poet has been found in the Freshman class. Here is an example of some of his work. It is said that he received his inspiration after he had filled his first date and had left the sweet little thing at the late hour of ten P. M.

Kiss me sweet,
 Kiss me cunning,
 Kiss me quick,
 Daddy is coming.

Our eyes have met,
 Our lips not yet,
 But O you kid,
 I'll get you yet.

I think this young Edgar Allan Poe has a bright future. He will some day be one of Georgia's leading poets, bull artist, "or somethin."

MY DAILY TASK

Most any day in the week,
 If it's sunny, if it's bleak.
 I'm on my way, so to speak,
 To time class.
 There gathers a crowd of boys,
 A few to study, a few to make noise,
 And in their pockets all kinds of toys.
 Now when I'm there I read a book
 While watching "Fess" with a sneaky look.
 He seems to think that I'm a crook—but I aint.
 Suddenly you'll hear the sound of shot,
 Followed by, " 'Fess,' how much time have I got?"
 "You'll have more if you don't cut that rot. (get me?)."

COLDEN BATTEY, '19.

When you recognize the cry
 Of an eraser as it goes flying by,
 Just lie low and prepare to die—should he find it out,
 Sometimes Freshmen turn quite green
 And mournfully shout, "I'm hit on the bean!"
 Just then the bell begins to ring,
 Some of us shimmy, the rest of us sing—
 Now is the time to do anything—but study.
 Then there is an insurrection,
 Prisoners running in every direction,
 "Fess" raises a big objection,
 Using "time" for his protection,
 As we rush out like angels from above,
 Someone yells, "Don't push, just shove."
 "Come back," yells "Fess", "the class isn't dismissed."
 But for us there is eternal bliss—until
 Tomorrow. He spoke too late.

N. B. The above was turned in as poetry, but we seriously have our doubts about it. The author is a Junior, and as he came to us with tears in his eyes and said that the above was his first masterpiece, we consented to print it. All of you who care to throw brickbats and rotten eggs after reading the wonderful masterpiece, please kindly direct them at the author, not the editor.

Goldstein says, "Ven dere's a fire in a clothing store some spring ofer coats, some fall ofer coats, everybody pants and goes vests ven a fire is burning up der store."

And yet he is still alive after making a remark like this.

CARSWELL J.: "I found a button in my salad last night."

NORVELL, M.: "That's nothing. That was only part of the dressing."

PATRONIZE THOSE WHO PATRONIZE "THE A R C."

"COME READ ON WITH ME; THE BEST OF THE JOKES ARE YET TO BE"

I wish to take this opportunity to thank Mr. John Murphey, who though not appointed on the business staff, has on several occasions rendered it valuable assistance.

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Mr. Cason had just finished explaining to the seniors the difference between the objective complement and object complement when Charles Daniel asked the following question, "M—Mr. Cason, i—if I said you were ugly w—would that be an objective c—complement?"

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AT INSPECTION

Cadet standing at 'port arms' incorrectly (Left hand not at balance of gun) is approached by officer at inspection.

Officer: Where is the balance of your gun?

Cadet: I-I-I don't know sir, it was all here this morning.

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SUCH JOKES!

(In English Class)

Cohen: Mr. Cason, let the subject for debate **be**: Resolved that Agriculture has done more for the world than Mining.

Mr. Cason: No that wouldn't be a fair subject, you are all minors.

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The Senior Class Has Been wondering, for some time, why our friend John Brittingham suffered a severe attack of Mental Aberration simultaneously with The Marriage of Miriam and also why he is so strictly opposed to Young Men "going" with Girls.

To Capt. Doo—

Wanted: One night watchman; apply lower Broad st.

Mr. Copeland: What is a Nom de Plume."

Blitchington: Part of an Eggnog, sir.

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Freshman: I have to so you can
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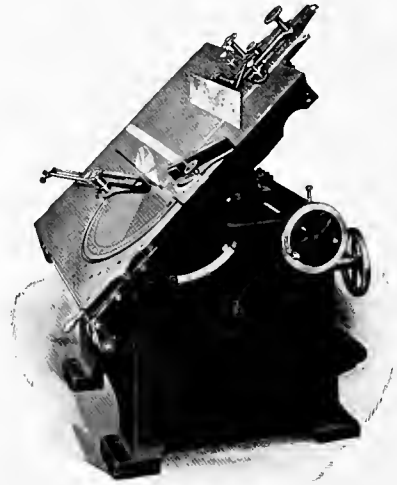
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